

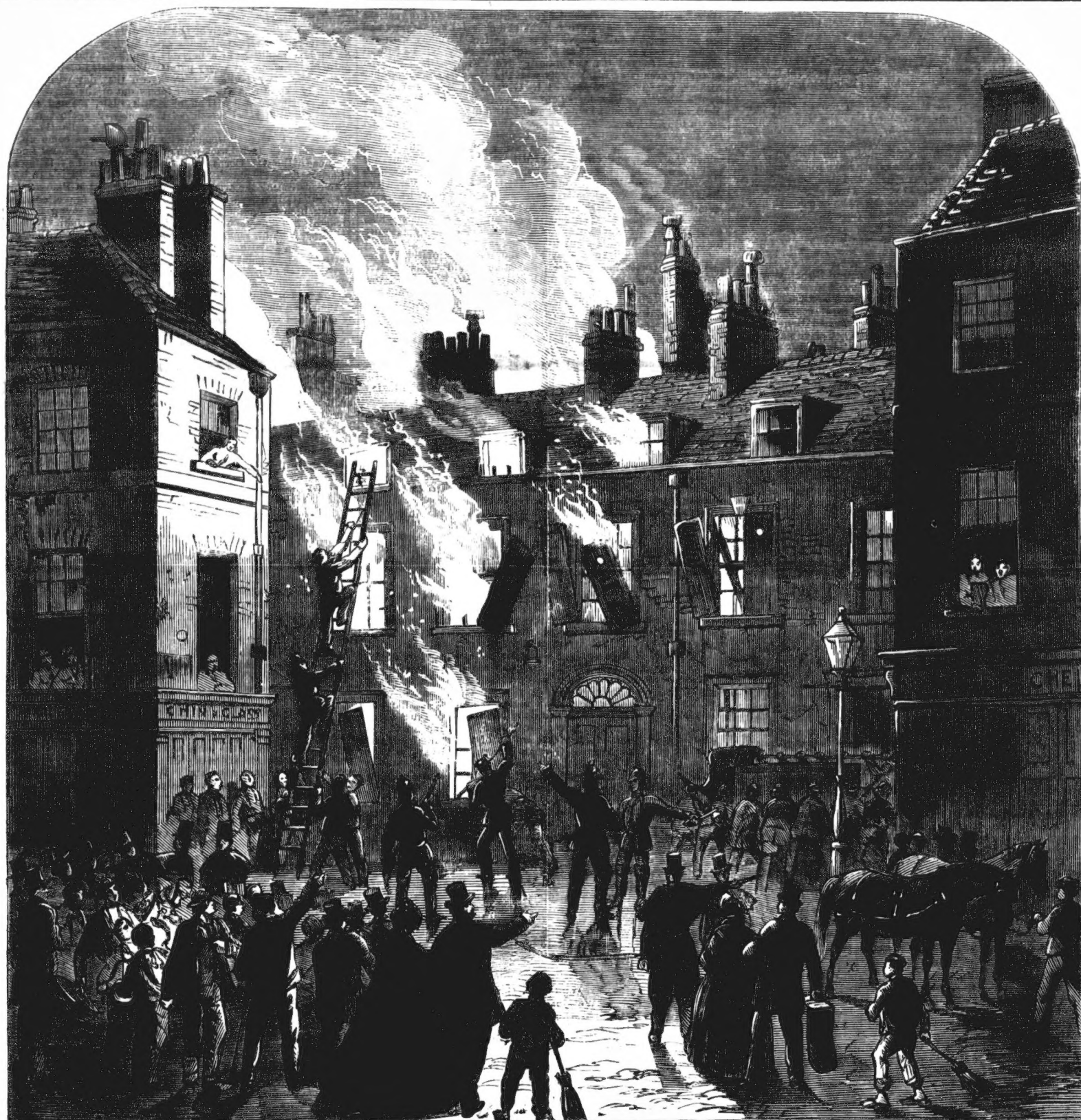
John Dick 313 Strand
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



SCENE FROM "THE STREETS OF LONDON," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE. (See page 138.)

Notes of the Week.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT GRAVESEND.—A shocking accident, involving the loss of three lives, occurred at an early hour on Saturday morning at Gravesend. Two men, named Edmund Terry and Thomas Hinchley, were employed in emptying a cesspool in Passenger's-court, West-street. Hinchley went down with the view of filling in some of the buckets. He had been down but a few minutes, however, when he was seen to fall off the ladder by his son, who volunteered to go down the hole; but Terry, who had had more experience, went down the ladder and got hold of Hinchley, and was in the act of lifting him up, when the gas rendered him insensible. The son of Hinchley then went to the police-station, where he saw Sergeant Coomber, of the police force, who returned with him, got a ladder, and was going down the hole; when about six steps down the ladder, he fell backwards. Every assistance was then rendered by the rest of the police, as also the neighbours. The body of Terry was recovered first, after a lapse of about half an hour, the foul air being so bad, that it was impossible to get the other two bodies out. Mr. W. F. White, police clerk, under the direction of Mr. Superintendent White, discharged a No. 3 size fire annihilator, which expelled the foul air, and the other two bodies were then speedily recovered. The three bodies were quite dead when brought up, and they were at once removed to the dead-house. Dr. Sanders and Dr. Whitcombe were in attendance. An inquest was held at the Town Hall at noon, and a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned. Mr. W. Fletcher, who was present, stated that great credit was due to the police, as also to those who assisted to recover the bodies of the unfortunate men. Mr. G. Sanes, the mayor, said he had given directions for the funeral to be performed at the expense of the borough in the case of Sergeant Coomber.

On Monday morning Park-constable No. 39 was on duty in Kensington-gardens when he found in an enclosure the dead body of a young gentleman. Deceased held in his hand a pistol of an ordinary kind, with which he had shot himself through the head deceased to denote who he was, the following description will no doubt bring some of his friends forward:—Age about twenty-six, height five feet four inches, light complexion, brown hair, no whiskers; dress, black hat, cloth coat and waistcoat, grey plaid trousers with cord seams, Balmoral boots, white linen shirt and collar, and black necktie. Deceased is a cripple, and in his possession a pair of brass mounted crutches, white cambric handkerchief, silver and copper money, a pistol, one ball (lead), two percussion caps, and a paper containing powder.

On Saturday afternoon, an accident which proved fatal to one man and injured several others, occurred at the Haigh Foundry Company's Brook Mill Forge, Haigh, near Wigan. About half-past two in the afternoon seven or eight men were at work repairing a patent hammer, one Henry Sharrock, with two others engaged at the top of the cylinder placing fresh rings round the piston, when the roof of the building gave way, and the workmen were covered with the debris. All were excited except Sharrock, who had sustained fatal injuries, one of the rafters having struck him in the region of the heart so severely as to cause death, at the same time impaling him upon some bolts which projected from the cylinder. Both of his arms were also broken. He was a married man, forty years of age, and he leaves a wife and five children.

It was only on Friday week that a man named Bishop was tried at the Somerset assizes, at Wells, for shooting at his wife with intent to murder her, at Bath, and was convicted and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. A very similar case occurred in the same city on Sunday evening, when a man named Henry Brine, residing at 5, Howell's Cottages, Southgate-street, made a deliberate attempt to take his wife's life by shooting at her with a pistol. Brine, it seems, had been out drinking several days, during which he had frequently threatened his wife. She had, however, attached little importance to his threats, as when under the influence of liquor his language was always violent. At about half-past six o'clock on Sunday evening Mrs. Brine was sitting at her doorstep reading, when her husband came behind her and discharged a pistol close to her right ear. The screams of the woman and the report of the pistol brought the neighbours to the spot, and the assistance of the police was at once sought. Police-sergeant Coles went immediately to the house and found Mrs. Brine sitting in a chair bleeding from the side of her face, which was also much blackened with powder, while her husband was standing at a table. His wife accused him of shooting her, and he replied, "Yes, that's the pistol I did it with," pointing to the pistol on the table. The constable took Brine into custody, and conveyed him to the station-house. When the charge was being made out, and after being duly cautioned, the prisoner said, "I have done it, and I hope it will have its effect." In the meantime, the woman was removed to the United Hospital, where it was found that a tin-tack had entered her ear, another had penetrated the jawbone besides a small piece of lead, and a third tack had pierced her thumb. These were all fortunately extracted, and unless erysipelas should intervene no fatal result is apprehended.

On Monday, the Italian ship Aguilas de los Andes was towed up the river in a very damaged condition to the Victoria Docks, and reported having been in collision with the French ship Lazeline in the North Sea, some miles off the Norfolk coast, the latter vessel foundering almost immediately afterwards, with seven or eight of the crew on board. The Italian ship was on a voyage from the Tyne to Genoa with a cargo of coal, and was beating up the North Sea, when she came in contact with the Lazeline, which was bound to a Swedish port from Cherbourg. The collision is described to have been of a very fearful character. The Italian vessel struck the Lazeline on the starboard bow, cutting right into the ship below the water line, and in a few minutes the French vessel went down in deep water. The captain and some of the hands succeeded in getting on board the Aguilas de los Andes, but the remainder of the crew, seven or eight, perished with the unfortunate ship. The Italian ship also sustained considerable damage, and for a time it was feared that she might share the same fate as the Lazeline. Her bowsprit and outboard were carried away, the stern crushed up, driven in, and deck forced, and the foretopmast carried away. Her disabled condition attracted the notice of the May Queen, steamer, of London, which was on a voyage from some Dutch port to the Mediterranean. She at once made for the distressed ship, and took her in tow, and brought her up the Thames to Gravesend. A telegram has since been received from Rotterdam, intimating that the Dutch galliot Magdalena had picked up an apprentice belonging to the French ship in the North Sea, and landed him at that port.

A VERY NARROW ESCAPE.—As the Fentonville train, on the Michigan Central Railway, was on its way to Detroit, and within about a mile of Birmingham, the engineer noticed a child about two years of age sitting across the rail apparently delighted with her position, laughing and clapping her hands in high glee at the approaching train. The breaks were immediately whistled down and the engine reversed, but it was soon discovered that the train could not be stopped in time to prevent the child being run over. Seeing this John Adams, baggage-man, got out on foot of the engine, and knowing that he could not grasp the child in time to lift her from the rail before the engine would be upon her, he leant over, and with great presence of mind and steadiness of nerve, pushed her out of harm's way on one side of the track. The train was stopped, and the child taken up unhurt and delivered over to her mother.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Foreign Notes.

FRANCE.

Some chit chat from Vichy is given in the following letter, written before King Leopold's departure:—

"This bathing place contains at the present moment an Emperor, a King, a Pasha, a great number of eminent personages, and 10,000 bathers and water-drinkers. The King, however, is on the point of departing. Ascending from the new park, following the capricious windings of the river, on the right are seen the imperial chalets, inhabited by the Emperor and his suite. These chalets, six in number, are entered from a fine boulevard of recent creation. They stand in the middle of spacious squares very prettily laid out, and their principal entrance is at the back, towards the English park. Their ground floor, which is raised on a basement story, consists of a saloon, a dining-room, large bed-room, and a study. The first floor is distributed in nearly the same manner. The chalet at present is occupied by the Emperor, and surrounded by the French flag, is nearly the same as that on the left hand which he inhabited last year. Besides the Emperor's chalet only two others are officially occupied. Immediately to the left is that of the orderly officers, while that to the right is appropriated to M. Moquehard and his Majesty's Cabinet. M. Drony de Lhuys, during his stay at Vichy, also inhabited this chalet. The other chalets belong to the Marquis de Clermont-Tonnerre, M. Fould and M. Ernest Andree. There is no kitchen in the Emperor's chalet, and the basement story of the building on the left hand is appropriated to that purpose, and an underground passage constantly lighted with gas forms a communication between the buildings. Opposite, on the other side of the Boulevard Napoleon III, is a slip of ground on which stand eight cottages surrounded by gardens enclosed by breast-high palisades. Five of them have been purchased by the Emperor and presented by him to his friend and physician, Dr. Conneau; M. Leon, his first valet de chambre, an old and faithful servant; M. Dupuis, first controller; and M. Felix, first huissier of the palace. The other three are for sale. Eighteen more cottages are to be built further on. All these constructions, both chalets and cottages, of elegant style, built of brick, stone, and wood, with basements of red cement and encrusted with pebbles, have a light and cheerful appearance, and are very pleasing to the eye, being in perfect harmony with the natural scenery around. The Emperor rises early, takes a bath at seven, breakfasts at ten, and dines at five. From half-past eleven to one, or even later, his Majesty walks in the park, like the other bathers, sometimes accompanied by General de Beville, at others by the Marquis de Clermont-Tonnerre, or Colonels the Marquis de Toulougeon and Count Lepic, the orderly officers. A day or two ago, a little girl, five years of age, who was selling flowers, offered the Emperor a carnation, without knowing to whom she spoke. His Majesty took the flower, and gave her a napoleon (16s.), with which she scampered off in great delight. A similar occurrence took place two mornings since, when a little boy, who was selling journals, meeting the Emperor returning from the bath, offered him the *Moniteur du Soir*, which was accepted and paid for with a napoleon, to the young dealer's unbounded amazement."

The *Constitutionnel*, in an article correcting the journals which accuse the French Government of having allowed an opportunity for territorial aggrandizement to pass by, says:—

"The only thing true is that England, with the object of preserving the possessions of King Christian, would willingly have passed from diplomatic action to military action. But in a war with Germany France would have had to bear the full brunt and expense. England would have swept the sea, capturing the vessels belonging to the belligerents, and have taken a glorious part almost costless and convenient."

The *Constitutionnel*, in conclusion, declares that France never had the promise nor the prospect of territorial aggrandizement:—

"England offered nothing; France asked for nothing. Neither Earl Clarendon during his journeys to Paris, nor the British Cabinet in its diplomatic despatches, ever hinted at France taking the Rhine frontier."

DENMARK.

The Rigsdag (Assembly for Denmark Proper) was opened by the King.

His Majesty in his speech to the Assembly said:—

"Having been abandoned by all Europe, we are obliged to seek for peace with our overpowering enemy. It is hard to have to make such sacrifices, but still harder to prosecute the war. Union between the King and people may bring about a happier future."

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

The preliminaries of peace contain five articles, which in substance are as follows:—

"The King of Denmark cedes to their Majesties the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, Holstein, Lauenburg, and Schleswig, with all the islands in the North Sea which pertain to the last mentioned duchy, including those parts of Bomee, Sylt, and Fohr which belong to the province of Jutland. The Jutish enclave of Mogeltondern, in Schleswig, is incorporated with that duchy, but the enclave of Ribe or Ripen will form an integral part of the Danish province of Jutland, the southern frontier of which is to be regulated or rectified. The line of demarcation between Denmark and the duchy of Schleswig-Holstein is to extend from Ripen to Kolding. The islands of Femern and Aalen, in the Baltic, are also ceded to the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, but the island of Eboe, which is close to Funen, will remain in the hands of the Danes. In the first article of the preliminaries of peace it is said that the great German Powers shall be at liberty to dispose of the territories ceded to them as they may think fit—that is, without being obliged previously to come to an understanding with Denmark. The national debt of the kingdom, with the exception of the loan made in 1863, is to be divided between Denmark Proper and the duchies in proportion to the population of the various provinces. The duchies are to indemnify Austria and Prussia for their extraordinary expenditure during the war. The allies are to remain in Jutland until peace has been concluded, but they are not to levy any more contributions in that province. The negotiations for peace on the foregoing bases are to be carried on in this city, and will begin in a few days. The document relative to the armistice, which forms an "annex" to the preliminaries of peace contains nine articles, which are of little or no interest to the non-military world. The armistice has been concluded for three months, with the condition that either party shall at the expiration of six weeks (on the 15th of September) be at liberty to propose that it be prolonged."

SHOOTING A FOWL STEALER.—On Monday morning, between three and four o'clock, Watkins, the bailiff of Mr. Biehton, contractor, of Wolverhampton, who had a farm at Brewod, was awake by the barking of the watch dog, and on coming down stairs found a stranger was upon the premises stealing the fowls, some of which he had in his possession. Watkins came out armed with a gun loaded with No. 5 shot, called upon the thief to surrender, and warned him that if he ran away he would shoot him; but the fellow, nevertheless, ran off. When he was about forty yards away the gun was fired, and the charge lodged in the lower part of the back of the runaway. This, however, did not stop him. At a distance of 300 yards he threw off his jacket, and also dropped four fowls, and continuing to run away, finally escaped. The jacket, well riddled with shot, is now in the hands of the police.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

THE correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, under date Atlanta, Georgia, July 22, gives full and highly interesting details of the movements of General Sherman's army since the crossing of the Chattahoochee. "On the morning of the 10th, the advance of General M'Pherson was taking position on the left, General Schofield on the left centre, Howard in the centre, Hooker on the right centre, and Palmer on the extreme right. On the morning of the 19th our advance reached Peach-tree Creek, a stream running four miles north of the Atlanta. After considerable skirmishing, the enemy was dislodged, and a portion of Howard's crossed; our left in the meantime swinging round to the Atlanta and Augusta Railroad, near Decatur, and tearing up several miles of the track. In the evening of the 19th, and the morning of the 20th, Generals Howard, Hooker, and Palmer crossed with the balance, the corps forming a line all along the south bank of the creek. At three p.m. the rebels made a desperate and sudden assault on General Howard in great force. The attack soon extended to Hooker's corps. The rebels advanced three lines deep. A portion of our line at first wavered before this terrible onset, but was quickly rallied, and there stood as firm as a rock. Upon this portion of our line was massed over half of the entire rebel army; both sides were fighting for the first time during this campaign in the open field. Before dark the rebels were thoroughly beaten, having failed to break our lines at any point, and they retired in disorder, leaving most of their dead and wounded on the field. Our loss will reach 2,000 men, principally in Hooker's corps. The rebel loss in killed, wounded, and missing, exceeds 6,000, including three brigadier-generals. On the extreme left our operations were equally successful. M'Pherson drove the enemy several miles, and Blair's division advanced a mile and a half south of the Augusta-road. On the morning of the 21st, the enemy was driven with small loss to his works immediately around Atlanta. On the 22nd they had withdrawn entirely from General Hooker's and Palmer's front. At two o'clock on the afternoon of that day portions of our army entered the city."

The correspondent adds:—"We may have some fighting for the full possession of the city, but the campaign is considered, as substantially closed."

A Washington despatch of the 25th July says:—"Despatches to the Government represent that a great battle was fought in Atlanta, on Friday, resulting in a horrible slaughter, and a complete repulse of the enemy at every point. The rebels holding the largest part of the city assaulted our works on that day with great fury, evidently expecting to drive our forces out of the city. The 15th Corps, commanded by General Frank Blair, seemed to be the special object of rebel wrath, as they massed against it in overwhelming force. The 15th received the shock gallantly, and held its own until General Dodge, with the 16th Corps, came up, when the rebels were hurled back with great slaughter. General Logan, at the head of the 17th Corps, went into battle with the rallying cry of 'Remember M'Pherson.' This corps, as well as Blair's 15th Corps, both constituting the army under Major-General M'Pherson, fought desperately, the news of the death of their brave commander having been communicated to them just before going into battle. General M'Pherson was shot while reconnoitring. He became separated from his staff for a moment, and a rebel sharpshooter shot him from an ambush. The terrible struggle ended by repulsing the enemy at every point of the line. It was arranged that on Saturday the dead of both armies should be buried, and the wounded removed under a flag of truce. Our troops buried 1,000 rebels left on the field within our lines, besides which the rebels buried many of their own dead themselves, near their works. Upon this basis it is estimated that the rebels killed and wounded in battle being exceed 6,000, the proportion of killed and wounded in battle being about one to seven. Our loss will reach about 2,500 in killed and wounded. The 15th Corps suffered severely, the enemy's troops having been massed against it. It was this act of the enemy in part which cost him such heavy loss. While the work of burying the dead and removing the wounded was going on Sherman's heavy artillery was playing upon the city. At the same time large fires were observed in different parts of Atlanta, supposed to be caused by the destruction of supply depots and other rebel property which the enemy could not carry off, and did not wish to fall into our hands. This is considered as evidence of their intending to evacuate the place. Several rebel generals are reported killed, but their names are not given. A despatch to-day from General Sherman states his loss in the battle of Friday at less than 2,000, whilst that of the enemy cannot be less than 7,000. There is no official information to show that our forces have entered Atlanta."

UNDER THE GAROTTE.—A person who was garotted at Birmingham sends to the *Birmingham Gazette* the following account of his "sensations":—"Suddenly there was the lightest step imaginable behind me, and before I could turn my head a man's arm was put across my shoulder, and placed over my mouth. In an instant the arm was slid from my mouth under my chin, and was tightened on my throat, and I was lifted from the road by the arm across my throat. Of course, the impulse to resist was immediate, but it was impossible to obey it, for at the same instant two men rushed forward, and one stationed himself in front of me towards my left hand, and the other towards my right. Each had grasped one of my arms with one of his hands, and each with a clinched fist began to strike me with all his might on the breast and stomach. One of them kicked furiously at me, but did little execution. I think all three must have worn gloves. If they did, their being able to come so noiselessly upon me would not be wondered at, and the slight effect taken by the kicks would be accounted for. I received two or three kicks near the cap of the knee, but they did nothing more than take away the skin. While the two men in front were thus kicking and boxing vigorously, the man who held me round the throat called to them, 'to give it him well.' All this only lasted a few seconds. As soon as I had found that it was perfectly hopeless to resist I resigned myself to fate. I was rapidly becoming insensible, and perhaps appeared to be wholly so, for they ceased to strike me, although the man at my throat did not relax his grip. The right hand man seized an umbrella that I held in my hand, and dragged it from me. The left hand man dipped his hand hurriedly into one of my trousers pockets, and took the few coppers he found there. The right hand man made a similar rush at the other trousers pocket, and was more fortunate, for he got about 16s. in silver. He pocketed it, and made an equally hurried seizure on my watch. I have not the faintest recollection of anything that passed afterwards till I revived from the swoon into which I had fallen as the result of their violence. I was at first not a little astonished to find myself sprawling on the pavement. I put up my hand and found my head cut. The garotter, when they had finished their work, must have thrown me down, so that my head was struck by a door-step. Gradually my recollection cleared, and I remembered what had passed. I looked about me, and found that besides my watch, my umbrella, and my money, the garotters had made off with my hat."

A CAPITAL WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps) fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencils and Pens, Drawing-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 50,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINSON and GOSPO, 25 Bedford-street, London, and all Stationers.—(Advertisement.)

NO HOME COMPLETE without a WILLCOCK AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. Free prospectus free on application at 155, Regent-street.—(Advertisement.)

General News.

In Japan, office holding is so unprofitable and undesirable that even the vassal princes, who might be supposed to be independent in their notions, resign in favour of their sons at the earliest opportunity. It is one of the laws of the empire that when an officeholder accumulates more money than is thought good for him, it is confiscated for the imperial treasury, on the theory that he must have obtained it by some dishonest courses which cannot be proved on him.—*New York Paper.*

A JOURNAL devoted to cookery, and called the *Gastrophile*, has been started at Angers. The editor is head cook at the hostelry of the Cheval Blanc in that town.

THE Chateau of Chassigoy, near Givres (Rhône), says *Galignani* was struck by lightning three days since. A lady's maid, while passing along one of the galleries, was killed on the spot. The top of a silver comb in her hair was pierced with numerous holes, and several of its teeth were melted. During another storm which burst over Mende (Lozère) three days since, the lightning fell among a flock of sheep in a fold and killed 108.

ON Tuesday last the sexton of the parish church was wedded to Miss Barnes, a spinster lady of Ledbury. The united aces of the happy pair amount to 164 years, the bride being in her seventy-sixth and the bridegroom in his eighty-eighth year.—*Birmingham Paper.*

LIEUT. DRAKE, senior, of H.M.S. Severn, was discovered to be missing about 8.30 p.m. on Monday last. It is supposed that he fell out of his cabin port while asleep. Search was made for him as soon as his absence was discovered, but without success.—*Madras Times.*

THE erection of the granite pedestal for the bronze equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort at Balifax has commenced.

J. GILLIAT, the Brigadier-General, died suddenly on the morning of the 11th ult., after rising to breakfast. The deceased served in the army between the years 1797 and 1814, and in 1846 received a silver medal for the good soldier-like conduct he displayed during his service in Egypt. According to his order of discharge from the army and his own statements, he was 103½ years of age.

GALIGNANI says:—"We are well pleased to learn that the paragraph which has appeared in some of the journals, announcing that M. Gounod, the musical composer, had become affected in his mind, is entirely without foundation."

THE first stone of the intended O'Connell monument was laid on Monday by the Lord Mayor, on the site granted by the corporation at the southern extremity of Sackville-street. The demonstration was the greatest that has ever taken place in Dublin, and the conduct of the people was most orderly and quiet. The procession started at twelve o'clock from Stephens-green, where the several trades of the city had assembled from an early hour, with their bands and the banners of their respective guilds.

WE have to record the death of Vice-Admiral Drake, which took place on Saturday last, at Bath. The gallant admiral was on the retired list, and was born in December, 1783. He entered the navy in July, 1804, and as mid on board the *Dulane* was present in Calder's action at Trafalgar, and at the destruction of three French frigates off *Sables d'Olonne*, in 1809. He commanded a boat at the capture of the *Elison* timber-ship, by cutting her out from Palis Harbour, Belleisle. As lieutenant of the *Northumberland* he was present at the destruction of two frigates off L'Orient, and was much employed in boat service against the enemy's coasting trade. He was also at the disembarkation at Corunna, and in Parker's expedition to Ferrol; and was senior lieutenant of the *Albion* at the battle of Navarino, for which he was promoted to the rank of commander. His commission bore date as follows:—Lieutenant, August 1, 1811; commander, October 22, 1827; captain, March 21, 1835; rear-admiral (retired list), Feb. 14, 1857; and vice-admiral, Sept. 12, 1863.

THE Queen has, in the most gracious manner, forwarded to Captain Cowper P. Coles, R.N., through Captain his Serene Highness the Prince Leiningen, R.N., a beautifully executed statuette in bronze of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort. In the letter accompanying the statuette Prince Leiningen says: "The Queen desires him to express to Captain Coles the great pleasure she experienced on her visit to the Royal Sovereign, fitted on Captain Coles's principle, in which his late royal highness the lamented Prince Consort felt a deep interest. The statuette of the Prince her Majesty wished Captain Coles to accept as a souvenir of her visit to the Royal Sovereign."

ABOUT three a.m. on Sunday morning, while the steamer *Rainbow* was on her passage from London for Great Yarmouth, a passenger was observed by the watch to lay his hat upon the deck, and then jump overboard. An alarm was at once raised, but in vain, as the deceased did not again rise to the surface. The suicide took place off Southwold, on the Suffolk coast. The deceased was dressed in a black suit, and in the hat was found the following address, without a name:—"Mrs. —, 33, Finsbury-road, New-cross, London, S.E." The maker's name in the hat was "Bothwick, Horsleydown, Broadway, Deptford."

A FATAL accident occurred at the Chelmsford Station of the Great Eastern Railway on Monday morning. Mr. Frank Snell was walking along the line towards the station on the down side with a small hamper in his hand, and when he was a short distance from the station he was knocked down by the mail train from London, which is due at 10.15 a.m. The train passed over his body, mauling it in a shocking manner. The driver, on seeing Mr. Snell, blew his whistle, but the deceased, who was rather deaf, probably did not hear it. He was highly respected in the neighbourhood.

AT half-past six o'clock on Sunday morning a dreadful explosion, resulting in the loss of three lives, occurred at the Bolton Gas-works, Moor-lane. Some workmen were engaged in distilling gas in a large egg-ended boiler, which contained 2,800 gallons of that liquid, and the worm which should have conveyed the spirit (orude naphtha) to the stills got choked with naphthalene, a sort of ammoniacal salt. The pressure of the boiler, which should never have been more than five pounds to the square inch, rapidly rose and burst the boiler. Three workmen, named Gillespie, Walsh, and Greenhalgh, were killed on the spot, and three others were injured. The burning gas-lar was thrown over the yard, which presented a frightful scene of pain.

CUTTING A LION'S CLAWS.—The Brussels journals give an account of a curious surgical operation just performed on the great African lion, belonging to the Zoological Society of that city. For some time past the animal has been suffering from disease in the feet, which necessitated the cutting of its claws. In order to do this without danger, a large box was prepared with a grated bottom, covered by a wooden floor, which could be withdrawn, so as to allow the lion's feet to pass between the bars. The top of the box was also made to descend by means of screws, so as to press on the animal and prevent its drawing in its feet. When the lion entered the box, the latter was turned on its side, and the sliding bottom withdrawn. The paws then slipped between the bars, and the screws above were tightened. M. Thiernasse, assisted by five pupils of the Veterinary School, then proceeded to cut away the claws. The patient bore the operation tolerably well, only uttering a short roar occasionally, and seemed relieved when the first paw had been cut and dressed. A keeper, to whom the lion is much attached, sat near its head, and endeavoured to calm it by talking, evidently not without effect. The operation was successfully performed, and there is every reason to believe that the cure will be complete.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

We have at length had a little rain; but still, from the dryness of the ground, it has not penetrated sufficient to get on much with GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Here the principal work must be in clearing the ground for winter produce. Unfortunately the dry weather has made too much havoc among peas, beans, &c., and if those sown late show no signs of bearing anything like crops, they had better be cleared off at once, in order to get the ground in readiness for the first welcome showers. Every advantage should be taken of these for transplanting cabbage, broccoli, kale, savoy, coleworts, and, indeed, every description of winter greens. Gather nasturtium berries for pickling. Earth up leeks, to bleach the lower portion. Sow a small quantity of turnips; also spinach, radishes, &c.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Take up bulbous roots of flowers lately out of bloom; if an increase of offsets is required, to be replanted. Plant columbines to flower in autumn. Top chrysanthemums in open ground. Attend to dahlias and hollyhocks, keeping them well tied and staked. Cuttings of geraniums, of all sorts, will now strike freely in open ground. Sow intermediate stock on a shady border; they will make pretty plants for the spring if potted. Part and plant polyanthus after rain.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Finish the principal summer training and pruning of wall trees.

RECRUITING SCENES No 4.—PASSING THE DOCTOR.

In "Macmillan's Magazine" for August, there is an excellent article, entitled "Recruiting for the Army," by Captain W. Knollys. We take from it a few extracts, as being appropriate to our illustrations of Recruiting Scenes:—

"The whole of the United Kingdom is at present divided into nine recruiting districts, to each of which are attached an inspecting field-officer, an adjutant, a paymaster, some clerks, and some staff non-commissioned officers. Any recruit which requires recruits obtains permission to send out one, two, or more sergeants for the purpose of getting them. All the sergeant's eloquence and powers of imagination and exaggeration are employed to persuade the coy rustic, who at length, allured by his brilliant description of the charms of a military life, in which a man is 'treated like a gentleman, and has nothing to do except a little drill now and then,' and enticed by the showy uniform, which he is told will make all the girls in love with him, succumb. Formerly it was a common practice to make a man drunk, and while he was stupefied with drink, get him to 'take the shilling,' as it is technically called. This is, however, now seldom done, for the good reason that the magistrate, on the recruit being brought before him to be sworn in, asks him if he has any objection to make to the sale in which he was enlisted. If he urges some valid reason—such, for instance, that he was drunk at the time—the enlistment is considered null and void. A man enlisted when drunk generally turns out a bad soldier, being always sulky and disgusted at the idea of having been taken in. The best soldiers are, as might be expected, either those who have been enlisted after a little persuasion, or those who have offered themselves. The recruit having been caught, the next step is to take him before a magistrate and have him examined. In some cases he is put to a severe test; but when the medical officer happens to be a dragoon, or if recruits are urgently wanted, he passes very easily. Having passed the doctor, he is taken before a magistrate to be sworn in. This must not be done sooner than twenty-four hours, or later than four days, after his enlistment, Sundays not included; and he has then an opportunity of freeing himself by paying smart, i.e., twenty shillings. The recruit having been attested, the sergeant is entitled to sixteen shillings bringing-money, out of which he has to pay one shilling to the magistrate's clerk. Immediately after the attestation has taken place, he is sent off as early as convenient to head-quarters."

ADDING A COUNTY TO ENGLAND.—An important meeting of the magistrates of the counties of Norfolk and Lincolnshire has been held at the Globe Hotel, King's Lynn, for the purpose of defining the boundaries of the counties of Norfolk and Lincolnshire in the large tract of land called Wiggland. It appeared that the reclaimed land proposed to be divided consisted of about 5,000 acres actually brought under cultivation, and above 1,000 acres as yet only partially reclaimed. This work of reclamation is part of the original scheme of making a new county, which was to be called Victoria County; and the district, which now presents the aspect of highly cultivated and richly productive fields, was but a few years ago a dreary waste of alluvial mud, over which each tide passed. But the immediate cause of the reclamation has been the operation of the New Outfall Act. The magistrates, having agreed to the boundary line, which gives nearly an equal amount to either county, gave directions for the line to be marked out. This is to be done by stone posts or landmarks. It should be mentioned that this is but one portion of a very large tract of land that is being, through engineering skill, taken from what has been known as the Wash, but which would seem to have been, ages back, dry land, as the immense submarine forest stretching across the mouth of the Wash off Hunstanton indicates. Many thousands of acres have also been already reclaimed through the operation of the Norfolk estuary scheme.—*Manchester Examiner.*

CARDINAL WISEMAN ON THE CURE OF DIABETES.—The following appears in the *Manchester Examiner*:—"Sir,—A paragraph in your paper some days ago contained a statement that Cardinal Wiseman had been cured of diabetes by him, and that the prescription had been sent to him by a Unitarian minister. On account of a friend, who is and has been suffering from this dreadful disease for years, I wrote to the cardinal for particulars, being quite sure that if he had been cured, as stated, he would be delighted to communicate the information to his fellow-sufferers. The following is the courteous reply I have received, which, I think, to many others besides my friend, will be as interesting as important. I am, your obedient servant, JOSEPH JOHNSON. (Copy.) Cardinal Wiseman having received several letters referring him to an article repeated in various papers on the subject of a cure attributed to a prescription recommended to him by a dissenting minister, thinks he will best satisfy the inquirers by a uniform answer. When considered seriously ill, some years ago, he received many letters from medical and other gentlemen, among whom were several clergymen of different religious bodies, suggesting remedies, and all couched in the most kind and sympathetic terms. He always showed them to his own able and most attentive medical advisers; but he strictly adhered to their prescriptions, and is not aware of having ever deviated from them to follow any other suggested treatment. To divine Providence he, of course, attributes in the first place the great change which he has felt in his health. Next the waters of Vichy, and the course there followed, strictly observed once on the spot, and since repeated, both as to baths and draughts, with observance of the diet prescribed there, several times at home, seem to have been the safest and surest curative system in his case. Add to this the use for a time of gluten bread and meal (then only procurable in Paris, now sold in London), and little else seems to require notice as distinct from professional directions. The genuine Vichy waters for drinking and baths are only to be procured at the authorised depot of Vichy products, at No. 27, Margaret-street, London, W."

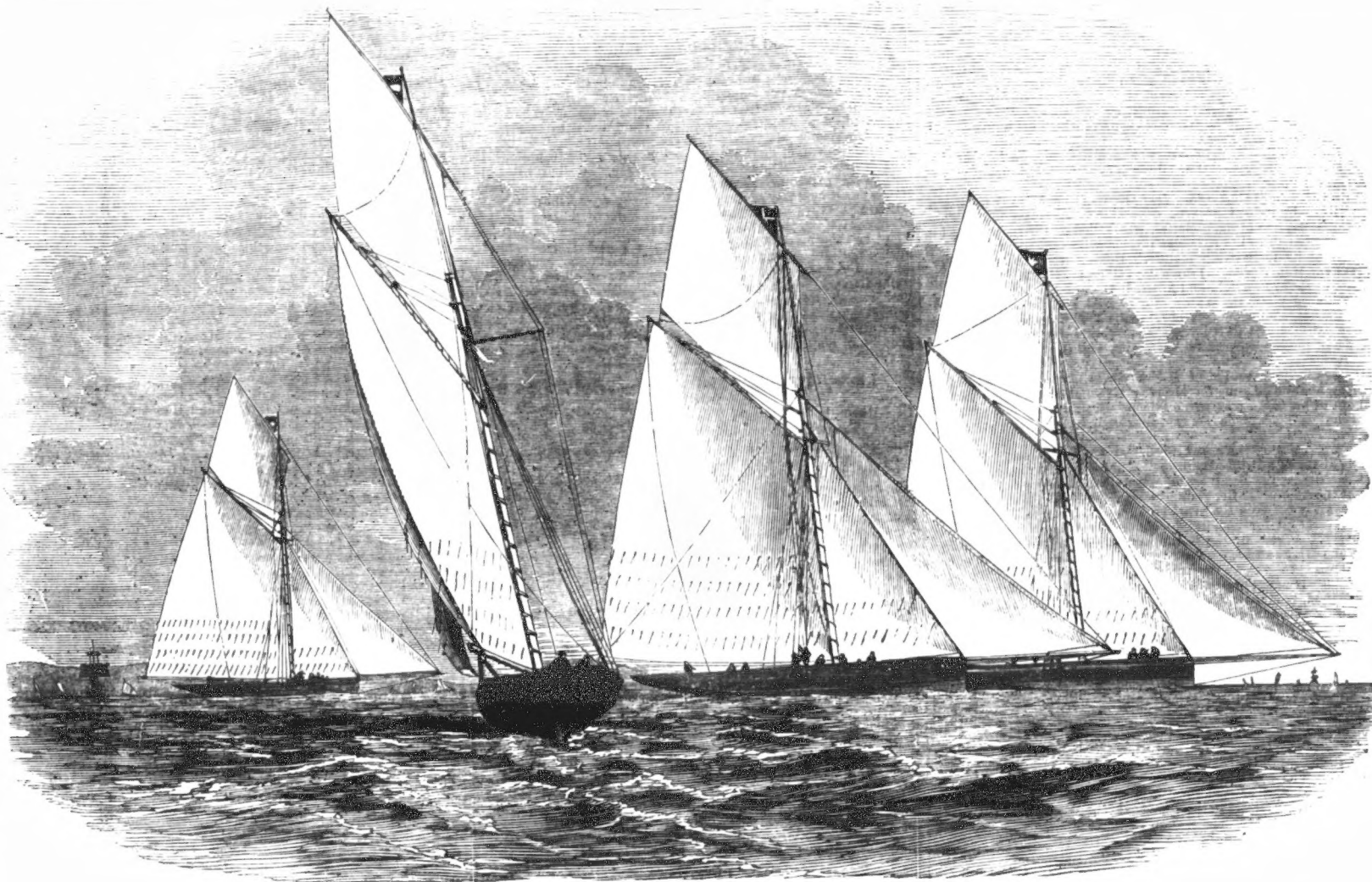
Tea uncoloured teas are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine fine flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[Advertisement.]

EXPLOSION AT A POWDER MILL.

THE other morning, at twenty-five minutes to twelve, the inhabitants of Guildford and the neighbourhood were alarmed by a tremendous explosion which shook the churches and many houses, and was distinctly heard in every part of the town. A mounted messenger arrived at the station of the fire brigade shortly after, bringing intelligence that a terrific explosion had taken place at the powder mills of Mr. S. Sharp, at Chilworth, and that destruction of life and property to a serious extent had resulted. The alarm bell from the Town Hall was at once rung, and in less than five minutes the engine was out as well as the whole of the volunteer fire brigade which has been recently formed here. On reaching the scene of the catastrophe, about three miles from Guildford, there was no difficulty in comprehending at a glance the extent of the mischief which had been done. The pressing-shed, which is a detached building, in which the explosion originated, was a complete wreck. Portions of the roof and timber were lying scattered in all directions, while ponderous pieces of machinery had been hurled into the air and projected to a distance, in one case, of a quarter of a mile. In the house of Mr. R. A. C. Godwin-Austen, one of the county magistrates, who resides at Chilworth Manor, about 250 yards from the scene of the occurrence, the furniture in many of the rooms was lifted from its place, and no fewer than sixty windows were broken. At Mr. Allnutt's paper works similar damage was done. At Mrs. Boscewen's, the Ferry Arms, close to the Chilworth Station, the roof was injured and the windows all smashed. At a cottage near, a portion of an enormous dog-wheel was hurled into the garden; bricks and portions of tiles were blown through the window, and the ceiling fell upon a Mrs. Hall, the inmate, seriously wounding her. The elegant mansion of Mr. Sharp, the owner of the mills, also sustained considerable damage; and so severe was the shock that a man named Loveland, who was standing on the edge of a lime quarry on the Shalford-road, three miles away from the mill, was nearly precipitated over the bank. The worst, however, remains to be told. It appears that at the time of the explosion two men named Charles Mansfield and John Farnfield were at work in the pressing-room. This room contained three charges of powder, equivalent to thirty cwt, for the hydraulic press, one of which was in use, while the other two were awaiting the process. These two poor men were blown to atoms, their trunks being found at the distance of 200 yards from the mill; and so great was the force with which they were propelled that they occasioned an indentation of four or five inches in the hard ground where they fell. Farnfield leaves a wife and child to deplore his loss, and Mansfield was engaged to be married. When the engine arrived on the spot two enormous tucks of hay belonging to Mr. Sharp, at a distance of 150 yards from the mill, were on fire, and were so nearly consumed that all efforts to save them proved ineffectual. Their value alone is estimated at about £150. Like all catastrophes of this nature, there seems to be no means of accounting for it. Of course, it is alleged that the proprietor, for his own sake, adopts every possible precaution, and those who alone could afford any explanation are beyond the reach of mortal inquiry.

PEOPLE'S NAMES.—There are above a quarter of a million of persons in England and Wales bearing the cosmopolitan surname of Smith, and above 45,000 persons in Scotland. If you meet seventy-three persons in England, or even sixty-eight in Scotland, you may expect to find a Smith among them. Next to Smith there comes in each country a pure local name—Jones in England and Wales, Macdonald in Scotland; in every seventy-eight persons in Scotland there is a Macdonald. The next most common names in England are:—Williams, Taylor, Davies, and Brown; in Scotland, Brown occupies a very high numerical position, but several purely Scottish names also stand high upon the list—Robertson, Stewart, Campbell, Anderson. There is a much greater clan predominance of surnames in Scotland than in England. There are in both countries many surnames derived from occupation, locality, or personal qualities; while in England, in the fifty most common surnames only twenty-seven, in Scotland thirty-seven—the great majority—are real patronymics and truly surnames, either in their pure, unaltered state, as Grant, Osmeron, &c., or altered so as to express the descent, as in Robertson and Morrison, or with the Gaelic Mac. A recent examination of the birth-register of Scotland for a year showed 104,018 births, and only 6,823 separate surnames; so that there are more than fifteen persons, upon an average, to a surname, or only 6.5 surnames to 100 persons. In England, a similar examination by the Registrar-General showed only 8.4 persons to a surname, or twelve surnames to 100 persons. The proportion of persons attached to each surname would have been still larger in Scotland, and more than double that of England, but for the immense immigration from Ireland in the last quarter of a century. In the Scottish registers the fifty most common surnames embrace nearly thirty per cent. of all the names on the register; in England only about eighteen per cent. Of the fifty most common surnames in Scotland, thirty-two, either entirely or in the form in which they occur in Scotland, may be reckoned as having originated in that country, and as being peculiar to it—a very large proportion, considering all circumstances. The remainder are common also to England. The surnames perpetuated as surnames from a supposed likeness to the animal creation of course vary in England and Scotland with the language of each country. English Fox is superseded in Scotland by Tod, a very common name, having the same meaning. Bullock becomes Stott, and Grey Crow. Hogg in Scotland is not to be traced to pig, but a lamb a year old. Mr. Stork, of the Scottish register-office, from whose sixth annual report (just issued) these statements are taken, has also had the curiosity to note the Christian names occurring upon the registers. In 3,690 entries of births of boys there were only sixty-seven different Christian names, but among a like number of girls there were eighty-six. John and James greatly preponderate among the boys. Among the girls Margaret is the favourite name; but Mary is very close to it. In the Highland clans Mary decidedly preponderates, but Margaret in all other parts of Scotland. Several names, not uncommon among girls in England, did not occur so many as three times in the entire Scottish list of 3,690—Beatrice, Clara, Emma, Julia, Lucy; and among the 3,690 boys there were not three with either of several of our common English names—Alfred, Arthur, Benjamin, Frederick, Philip, Stephen. The girls' list shows many variations from what we should find in England; there are twice as many Elspaths as Emilys, twice as many Marys as Louises, four times as many Euphemias as Harriets, five times as many Graces as Carolines.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL AT PERTH.—We are now enabled definitely to announce that the memorial statue of the Prince Consort will be formally inaugurated by her Majesty on the 30th inst. The Lord Provost received a communication on Friday, conveying to his lordship her Majesty's wishes in the matter, and intimating the gratifying fact that the statue, a photograph of which had been submitted to the Queen, had received her Majesty's high commendation. The inauguration will take place on the morning of the 30th, on occasion of her Majesty's transit to Balmoral, and will be conducted in all respects in the quietest and most unobtrusive manner compatible with the ceremony and present inseparable from the occasion. We understand the royal train will arrive in Perth at 2.40, and that the Queen will proceed to the North Inch at half-past nine. The royal party will proceed in three carriages, with a suitable military escort, while the streets will be effectively lined. There will be no admission to the station on her Majesty's arrival, but it will be open to visitors at the departure of the royal train. Her Majesty has desired that the whole proceedings should be completed within an hour, and be entirely devoid of any approximation to noisy demonstration.—*Perth Courier.*



ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

This important regatta was brought to a conclusion on Saturday at Cowes, with a race for 100l., open to all yachts under 200 tons belonging to any royal yacht club. The following were the entries:—Vestal, Alerie, Astarte, Volante, Surf, Mosquito, Vindex, Janie, Albertine, Viking, Flying Fish, Water Lily, Amulet.

As regards the Mosquito and the Volante they are equal in tonnage, and they were to allow the Alerie, 1m. 45s.; the Albertine, 2m. 55s.; the Viking, 5m. 15s.; the Amulet, 6m. 30s.; the Vindex, 8m. 30s.; and the Vestal, 13m. 15s.

The preparatory gun was fired at half-past ten o'clock. The wind, at starting five minutes afterwards, was very light from the W.N.W. The Astarte, Janie, Flying Fish, and Water Lily, did not appear at the post.

At starting the Volante was the first to get away, and she soon took the lead, which she continued to hold; the second was the Alerie, but the Vestal closed on and passed her. Most of the others were in a cluster, and with no particular difference between them. In consequence of the alteration of the course the yachts did not keep so far over to the north shore, but by passing inside the Brambles they were easily discerned by those who were watching

their progress at Cowes, when the Volante was leading by a long way, the Albertine being second, Vindex third.

Although the Volante came in first, she had to allow the Vindex eight minutes and a half, the latter was entitled to the prize. This is the second time at this regatta that the Volante has been compelled to surrender a prize on account of the time to be given to vessels of inferior tonnage.

With this race terminated the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta of 1864, and whether looked at for the numerous company, the quality of the racing, or the value of the prizes, a success has been achieved almost unprecedented in the history of the club.



RECRUITING SCENES No. 4.—PASSING THE DOCTOR. (See page 131.)



THE 4TH OF AUGUST.—AN OYSTER-WOMAN OF THE LAST CENTURY. (See page 135.)

FEARFUL FALL.

On Monday, Mr. Carter, the coroner for East Surrey, received information of the death of Mrs. Martha Matthews, aged thirty-one years, who resided at 73, Albany-road, Camberwell, which was occasioned under the following frightful circumstances:—It would appear that on Saturday night she came from her door, opposite to the surface, in an insensible condition, and conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where she was at once attended by Mr. Siddall, the house surgeon, who found that her skull was fractured, and that she was otherwise dreadfully injured, so that she expired in a few hours. The deceased has left behind a family of five young children, and was far advanced in pregnancy.

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Important Notice to the Ladies. A coloured steel engraving of the PARIS FASHIONS for the Month of September will be presented Gratis to every purchaser of the Monthly Part, to be published August 31st.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANTICIPATIONS.		H. W. L. B.	
A. M. P. M.		A. M. P. M.	
13	Sun rises, 4h. 44m.; sets, 7h. 24m. ...	9	21 9 59
14	Twelfth Sunday after Trinity ...	10	42 11 22
15	Sir Walter Scott born, 1771 ...	11	57 0 0
16	365 first used in London, 1807 ...	0	26 0 55
17	Clerical Congress against Corn Laws, 1847 ...	12	21 1 48
18	Prince of Wales at Quebec, 1860 ...	2	10 2 55
19	Royal George sunk, 1782 ...	2	58 3 19

Moon's changes.—Full moon, 17th, 1h. 37m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

2 Kings 10; Acts 15.

AFTERNOON.

2 Kings 18; St. James, 4.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Selected manuscripts will not be returned. *Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. John Dicks, at the Office, 313, Strand.

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R. T.—The opera of "St. Valentine" was first produced in this country at

Drury Lane in 1823. Graham was the original Masaniello.

W. T.—Gold coin was introduced by Edward III. in six-shilling pieces, nearly equal in size to the present sovereign.

A. Z.—The metropolitan police first came on duty in September, 1829.

B. U.—The Gordon riots took place in 1780. Out of nearly 200 prisoners, twenty-seven were executed.

FRANK P.—A person's goods may be followed and distrained upon within thirty days after removal.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE returns of the Registrar-General appear appropriately at the close of each quarter to balance our accounts with nature, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer balances our accounts with man. The rate of births, deaths, and marriages is as important an element in our well-being as the activity of commerce and the vitality of the income-tax. The energy of the Registrar-General prevents us from falling into a mere routine set of inquiries in the department he presides over. He examines us from different points of view, and often draws attention to some unexpected peculiarity. In this report before us, for example, he has taken occasion to construct a table of the mortality in the principal English watering-places, and to deduce some useful advice. The flocks of holiday people, therefore, who are now migrating, like a flight of birds, to the coast, may this year discover upon infallible authority which, on the whole, is the most healthy retreat that England can afford them. A more opportune piece of information could hardly have been furnished at this season. The returns we are about to describe are valuable principally for the watering-places themselves, by reminding the more unhealy among them of their failure, and urging them to better management. The healthiest place, then, by far, of all the favourite holiday retreats in England, is the Isle of Wight. The mortality during the last three months was only at

the rate of 15 in the 1,000; the lowest rate at any other watering-place being 16. This has, indeed, been a more than usually healthy quarter in the island; but on an average of ten years, from 1851-60, its death-rate was only 17, while that in every other watering-place but one was 18, and while the rate in the majority of 26 selected places was 20 and more. Next to this delightful island in the scale of health for the last three months comes the district about Newton Abbot, including Dawlish, Torquay, and East and West Teignmouth, in which the rate was 16. But on an average of ten years the rate in this district rises to 18, and its place is taken by Eastbourne, which, indeed, on the average, appears as healthy as the Isle of Wight, the annual rate in both being 17 in the 1,000. As the disaster at Eastbourne last year has, we believe, been wisely turned to account by the inhabitants as an opportunity for reconstructing their whole drainage, they have every reason to anticipate the continued honour and profit of being one of the healthiest spots in England. For the last three months, however, Eastbourne, with Cheltenham, comes third in the scale, with a rate of 17. Next, with a rate of 18, come the districts about Worthing, Lowestoft, and Ilfracombe. At the rate of 19 follow the districts of Kendal and Tenby. A rate of 20 prevails at Tunbridge and Tunbridge-wells, Dover, Brighton, Malvern, and Buxton. It is, unfortunately, difficult to deduce any argument from this as to the justice of the strictures which induced the population of Tunbridge-wells the other day to break the windows of the obnoxious physician who maligned their town; for the returns we are considering relate to districts, not towns, and their accuracy, therefore, for any particular spot within the district may be more or less uncertain. At the rate of 21 come Weymouth, Warwick and Leamington, and Aberystwith; at 22, Scarborough and Bangor; at 23, Thanet, including Ramsgate and Margate, and Whitby; at 24, Hastings, Angelsey, and Clifton; the latter, however, includes a part of Bristol city and workhouse. Lastly, the high death-rate of 25 in the 1,000 prevailed during the last three months at Yarmouth and Bath. The proper use to which the returns should be applied is to warn the places with a high rate of mortality to attend to their drainage and other sanitary arrangements. The Registrar-General points out that this is a duty which watering places are frequently reluctant to discharge. They are, perhaps, inclined to rely on the advantages of their situation, and the rudest and most unscientific means of drainage are often resorted to. As the Registrar observes, it appears strangely unreasonable to pour into the sea all the filthy sewage of a town like Hastings or Brighton, to be churned in the waves in which the visitors bathe. The Registrar remarks that English watering-places are on good sites, and have many advantages over those abroad, and he looks forward to the day when England will be the sanitation of the Continent, as the Isle of Wight seems to be of England. Expense laid out in good drainage would be sure to be repaid, and when the Registrar asks, "Why is the mortality of Ramsgate and Margate still 23; why is the mortality of Hastings and Clifton 24?" the inhabitants of these towns ought to set about answering his questions.

ANOTHER "dangerous journey" comes in close succession to the two which have recently startled the public, as if to force upon us the absolute and urgent necessity of some means of communication between the different parts of a train. A correspondent writes that on Thursday week he and four other gentlemen took their seats in a carriage of the 9.15 p.m. train from King's-cross for Edinburgh. Just before starting the guard pushed into the carriage a sailor, who seemed to be intoxicated. They had not gone far before this man became very excited, declared he had lost all his money in the train, and was ruined, and at last, jumping from his seat, began to dash about the carriage with the most frightful yells and imprecations. All efforts to pacify him were useless, and the passengers, in self-defence, were at length obliged to resort to force. He was evidently suffering from an attack of delirium tremens; he was a powerful man, and it required all the efforts of four of the party to hold him. His struggles were so violent that at one moment he nearly threw himself out of the window, and the next moment almost forced out one of his fellow-passengers. Fortunately they had a strap at hand, with which they succeeded in binding his hands behind his back. But it still required two persons to hold him on the seat, and it became necessary to tie his legs together with handkerchiefs. Even then the security of the other passengers was but precarious; and if the strap had broken they would have been reduced to another struggle with him. All this while they were travelling by night in an express train which would not stop until it reached Peterborough, a distance of eighty miles, occupying nearly two hours. All attempts to gain the attention of the officials of the train or along the line were ineffectual. The passengers succeeded in acquainting their neighbours in the next compartment with their danger, but they were unable to reach the guard, and men shouted and women screamed the greater part of the way to Peterborough without securing any attention. Not until they reached Peterborough were they relieved from their furious companion, and enabled to continue their dreary night journey in peace. As a vivid exhibition of the dangers to which we are exposed by the present railway arrangements, this terrible story is still more remarkable than the two which have immediately preceded it. In the absence of any better protection, we should all probably consider ourselves more secure in travelling with four or five fellow-passengers than with only one. The more the safer, and, considering the size of most of our carriages, each passenger in this case had about as much security from the number of his companions as is generally probable. Yet these five gentlemen were all placed in the greatest danger, and compelled to endure two hours of the most harassing anxiety, by the presence of one madman in their carriage. With such an instance before him, who can feel himself safe from some act of outrageous violence in any railway carriage, and under any circumstances? One of these persons was an elderly gentleman, who seems to have been unable to afford the others any assistance. Suppose two of them had been similarly incapable, or suppose that another, who almost fainted owing to the violence of the struggle, had actually done so a little too soon, what might have been the result to the rest? Or, what if the man had obtained a knife? Or suppose a lady in a delicate state of health had been one of the passengers, what might have been the

consequences to her of such a two hours' journey? Any of these suppositions are as likely as not to have occurred; and, indeed, it is a very fortunate circumstance, and one which could not be expected generally, that four able-bodied persons should be travelling together at such a critical moment. This case, in short, amounts to a conclusive proof that under present arrangements the occupants of any carriage whatever, first, second, or third class, may, five minutes after the starting of a train, be at the mercy of a maniac. All passengers, it is evident, now travel at peril of their lives, and all invalids and weak persons at imminent peril, not from the inevitable accidents of nature, but from a perverse neglect of obvious and simple precautions.

AFFAIRS IN JAPAN.

A CONTEMPORARY publishes the following extract from a private letter, dated Yokohama, Japan, May 26, 1864:—

"May in Japan seems to be a season for panics. Last year about this time, if you recollect, letters spoke of a panic, and the same thing occurs again now. The two-sworded genry are swaggering, insulting, and fiercer-looking than usual—the Japanese money-changers of note have been imprisoned, the Government is excited, and things are beginning to look unpleasant. To satisfy, or rather allay, the feeling of alarm amongst the people on shore, the soldiers are loaded with ball-cartridge. On the 23rd two old Japanese hulks, the representatives of Japan's fleet, moved from the proximity of the Fort of Kanagawa, and sailed for Yeddo, in all probability to take station behind the forts there. This gave rise to a report that at midnight the fort and guns on the hill near the town were to open fire, and, as you may imagine, this considerably frightened the nervous among the dollar grinders, especially as it blew great guns all night. However, the forts and guns on the hill thought better of the matter, and all were allowed to sleep in peace. A few days before a startling paragraph appeared in a daily paper that some daimio was marching on Yokohama with a large force, and might be expected. The prince in question was most likely smoking his pipe at home—at all events, he has not yet turned up. Politically, matters are bad. Sir B. Alcock visited Yeddo and the Gorgio on the 16th; the result of the interview was not satisfactory. The French minister followed a few days after with the same result. The officers of the Coromandel, during their day's stay at Yeddo, counted over 100 guns mounted in the forts. It seems likely that if you do not consent quietly to leave this place, and retire gracefully to the mantrap at Nagasaki, they will be foolish enough to try force. If a number of half-drunk, determined men were to make a night attack on the foreign settlement, and at the same time the guns (of the number of which we know very little) pitch into the ships and town, a good many of our poor devils ashore would come to grief, especially the ladies, of whom there are many fresh arrivals. The Dutch join us in the Simonsaki affair; but if any attempt is made on Yokohama this Simonsaki affair would in all probability stand over. Messieurs les Japonais, you are too late. Last year we were almost at your mercy—now the tables are turned; and have the goodness to wait another month for 1,500 marines and soldiers, and we are safe, at least against murder. The *Pelorus* arrived on the 15th from Hong Kong; the *Racoon* sailed for Hakodadi on the 21st, with Mr. Consul Winchester; and the *Battler*, for Nagasaki, on the 25th, to relieve the *Perseus*, which vessel goes to Shanghai, to relieve the *Leopard*, ordered to Yokohama; the *Coquette* expected hourly from Shanghai. Acting Lieutenant Henry Morris (promoted at Kagosima), of *Racoon*, was turned out of the service on the 17th for drunkenness. Several other courts-martial come off shortly, I regret to say, for the same offence. When the Japanese question comes again before the House of Commons, I hope the 'give-the-country-up' party won't win. Next to England, it is the finest place in the world, and nature was kinder to it than to England. In the hands of Englishmen it would, indeed, be a paradise. It would be a thousand pities to relinquish our footing in such a land—rich as it is in all that man could desire."

FILIAL DEVOTION.—A daughter of a farmer named William Meredith, occupying about thirty acres of land, within two miles of Maryborough, emigrated to New York fourteen years ago. She was then married to a man of the name of Lyons, and her mother some five years since went to America to see her child, and died there a little time ago. On Thursday last the neighbourhood was much surprised to find that Mrs. Lyons had arrived at Maryborough Station from Cork with her mother's remains, having braved the dangers of the Atlantic, and the cost of such an expedition, through an intense desire to gratify a wish of her parent to be buried at home.—*Dublin Express.*

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON IN SCOTLAND.—On Saturday morning Prince Jerome, the Princess Murat, Count Ferra Pisan, and other members of the Prince's suite, landed at Greenock, and proceeded in the steamer *Vivid* to Bowling, whence they intended to proceed to Lochlomond, thence through the Trossachs to Oban, and as far north as Inverness. The yacht *Jerome Napoleon* took in coal on Friday afternoon, and it is expected will proceed to Oban to await the Prince's orders. The Prince is travelling under the title of Count de Mendon, and is on a summer tour. On Friday, along with the Princess, he visited the Greenock foundry, where the massive engines of the three large French Transatlantic steamers, *Washington*, *Lafayette*, and *Europa* have been made. He also visited the *Europa*, which was launched a week ago by Messrs. Scott and Co. His own corvette is a handsome wooden vessel, resembling in appearance, although scarcely so substantial, the steamer *Pampero*, built by Messrs. Thomson, of Glasgow, and said to be a sister to the late well-known *Alabama*. There is rather a curiosity in marine architecture on board the *Jerome Napoleon*—viz., a small pleasure yacht of about six tons, fitted up with a double screw propeller, and with its miniature machinery enclosed in mahogany framework. This boat hangs from the steamer's davits.—*Scotsmen.*

A WIFE SOLD FOR A SHILLING.—On Monday Hannah Parkes, boatwoman, was indicted at the Chester Assizes for unlawfully marrying Samuel Thompson, her former husband, Thomas Parkes, being then alive. A witness named Rachael Woodward, the wife of a boatman, stated that the prisoner was sold for a shilling in "Brummagem" fair, where she was taken with a halter round her neck. This was done by Thomas Parkes, her alleged former husband, and consented to by the prisoner, who had "had enough of him." She was bought by Samuel Thompson, who married her, and afterwards Henry Noon took her to wife. These marriages took place some years ago, since which time Parkes had died. The jury returned a verdict of "Acquittal."

ANOTHER CANADIAN REGIMENT.—We understand that a number of gentlemen in Hamilton are making endeavours to raise a regiment of the line in this province, in the manner in which the 100th was raised some few years ago. Matters have so far progressed that a communication to the Governor-General has been agreed to at a meeting which has been held, and is to be transmitted to him through the Hon. Isaac Buchanan.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

PITS AND INDIGESTION.—A sure cure for these distressing complaints is now made known in the treatise on foreign and native herbal preparations published by Dr. O. Phelps Brown. The prescription was furnished him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of fits, as of dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be obtained of any herbalist. Sent to all on receipt of four stamps to pre-pay postage, &c. Address, Dr. O. Phelps Brown, 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

The Court.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales took leave of Her Majesty on Monday and left Osborne for Marlborough House, accompanied by the infant Prince Albert Victor. The Hon. Mrs. Stonor and Major Teesdale were in attendance. Their Royal Highnesses crossed over to Southampton in the royal yacht, *Fairy*.

The *Kelso Mail* says:—"The intention of Prince Alfred's visit to Norway was to join his grace the Duke of Roxburgh, and enjoy a few days' sport in salmon-fishing upon the waters leased by his grace, which extend to about three miles. The prince is a keen angler, and his taste for this kind of sport received a very great impetus by his two visits to the Tweed. Those visits, we have no doubt, led to the present engagement to meet the Duke at Norway; and our only hope is that the prince has been as successful in his attack upon the Norway streams as he was upon the Tweed. The Raconon is ordered to visit Ireland on returning home; and we believe there is a probability of the duke accompanying his royal highness there, and then returning to this country in the Raconon about the beginning of September."

A SUITOR TO HER MAJESTY.

THE French papers contain the following odd story:—"Letters from Abyssinia state that Theodore, Emperor of that country, has just crowned his imperial eccentricities by an act which exceeds them all in extravagance. Having learned of the widowhood of Queen Victoria, he has had a letter written to her offering her his hand. Mr. Cameron, the English consul, was charged to forward this missive to his sovereign. The reply to so unforseen an offer not being immediately forthcoming, the Emperor Theodore got angry, and had Mr. Cameron put in chains until his majesty should have obtained satisfaction for such a want of attention towards him. On hearing of the imprisonment of Mr. Cameron, her Britannic Majesty is said to have decided on replying by a polite refusal, the sending of which by post was more economic than a special mission to Abyssinia."

THE 4TH OF AUGUST.—AN OYSTER-WOMAN OF THE LAST CENTURY.

On the opening of the oyster season on the morning of the 4th of August, at four o'clock, Billingsgate was in a state of excitement, it being the day known for many generations in the port of London as the "opening of the oyster season." By the time the market bell rung (four o'clock) declaring the trade in oysters legitimately open for the season, there was anchored at Billingsgate pier eight oyster-boats, the whole of which were well laden with the well-known qualities. The following prices were asked by the salesmen:—Best natives, £4 per bushel; best royals, pearls, and Cheyne rocks, 32s.; Scotch callies and commons, 14s. to 16s. per bushel. At these prices several of the West-end buyers purchased freely, taking the pick of the cargoes, especially the fine Miltons and other natives, of which, indeed, there were but very few. They were in the finest possible condition, and though the price was apparently high, it was not considered to be at all dear, considering the quality of the fish.

Formerly, the oyster season opened on St. James's Day, the 25th of July, and the superstition then ran, that "those who ate oysters on St. James's Day would never want money!" Whether the authorities objected to the people "never wanting money," or the spell of St. James at length refusing to act in a monetary point of view, we know not, but the day was ultimately altered to the 4th of August, and instead of the market opening at twelve o'clock at night, four in the morning was made the legitimate hour. Some years ago, as many as seventy or eighty oyster smacks would be ready to unload their cargoes on the morning, but the facilities of the railways offer better conveyance than the slow oyster boat.

On page 133 we give an engraving of an oyster woman a century ago, from a painting by Churchill.

A PICNIC IN WASHINGTON.—The Washington correspondent of the *New York Daily News* the organ of the Fernando Wood Peace Democracy, writes:—"Washington, July 7, 1864.—Perhaps the most disgraceful sight to human eyes divine took place in this city, and by the sanction of President Lincoln, within the grounds of the presidential mansion, on the late anniversary of our national independence. It was no less a matter than a grand picnic of all the negro children of this city, to the exclusion of all whites, except they allowed themselves to be mulcted in the sum of one dollar per capita. It was a privilege that has, time after time, been denied to the white children of our local schools, and even by President Lincoln; but when it was proposed to the President to allow black children the privilege, he not only responded affirmatively with alacrity, but promised his presence and patronage to give the affair eclat, and he did so. Shades of Washington and Jackson, a negro picnic on the lawn of the presidential mansion! What is the Union coming to when the high officials of the nation are paying more attention to a barbaric set of secondary humanity, and these raised almost to the position of demigods, and inferentially, if not actually, worshipped? It is a verification that this war is for raising the negro to the equality and social position of the whites, and even to the prejudice of the white people of the land. A Government so infatuated, so degenerate, so imbecile, can have no hope of success, and would be a contradiction of all law and history, sacred and divine, did such conduct go unpunished or unrequited."

NON-SUING A COUNTY COURT JUDGE.—A rather amusing incident occurred in the Bristol Guildhall last week, in re Mr. Lloyd, judge of the County Court. His honour was engaged all day in disposing of a number of causes, and on the termination of his arduous labours, retired to his private room to doff his official garments and resume his ordinary attire. In this case, however, he was non-suited, to his cost, for some thief had been before him in another sense, but as thieves habitually pay little respect to the wishes of their victims, he was compelled to submit to the non-suit.

A PLEASANT PLACE.—Within the short space of three days two shepherds recently killed in the neighbourhood of Ballater no fewer than 130 adders. Some of the animals are of large size.—*Scotsmen.*

INDIAN STRATEGY.—One of the Fourteenth New York Artillery—a Seneca Indian—undertook on a wager to bring in alive a rebel sharpshooter, who was perched in a tree in front of our line, considerably in advance of his own. Procuring a quantity of pine boughs, he enveloped himself with them from head to foot, attaching them securely to a branch, which he lashed lengthwise of his body. When completed, he was indistinguishable to a casual observer from the surrounding foliage, and resembled a tree as closely as it was possible for his really artistic efforts to render him. Thus prepared, and with musket in hand, concealed likewise, he stole by almost imperceptible movements to beneath the tree where the sharpshooter was lodged. Here he patiently waited until his prey had emptied his piece at one of our men, when he suddenly brought his musket to bear upon the "reb," giving him no time to reload. The sharpshooter was taken at a disadvantage. To the demand to come down he readily assented, when the Indian triumphantly marched him a prisoner into camp and won his wager.—*American Paper.*

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A SINGULAR TRIAL.

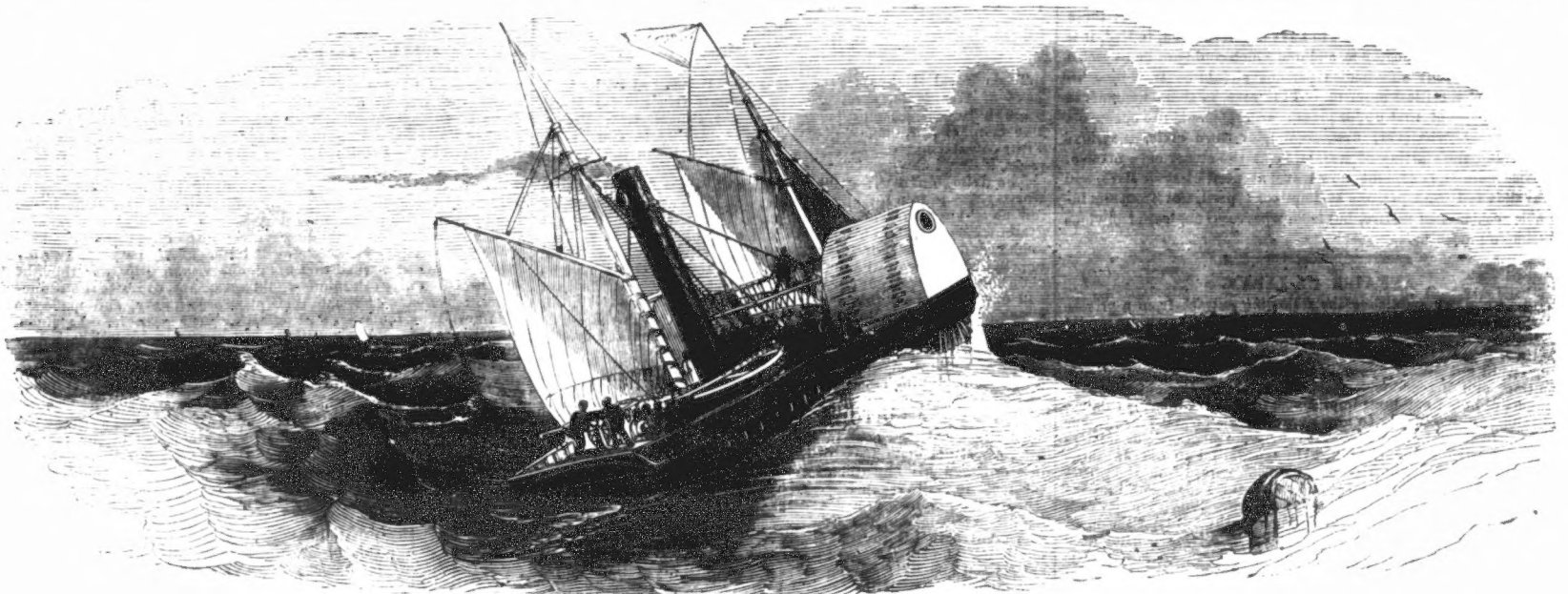
A VERY strange trial is at present going on at Bordeaux. M. Jules Favre having gone there specially to plead for the plaintiff, who has applied for the annulment of a marriage celebrated at Rome under very curious circumstances. A young Frenchman named Jules Belmette, belonging to an honourable family of the Charente went to Rome some time since to improve his talent as a painter. Unfortunately he happened to take up his abode in the house of a widow named Cinotti, whose daughter Teresa was a good-looking woman, but of light character, as shown by her intercourse with officers of the French army of occupation. In the same house lived a suspended priest, named Arcangeli, a man of bad reputation, and noted for despoiling young men of property. This worthy trio soon saw that young Belmette might be made an easy prey. They had learned that his family was wealthy, and thought that he, being of weak mind, would not be able to resist the seductions of Teresa. They laid their plans accordingly, and made the pontifical laws the means of effecting their purpose. In Rome marriage is regarded as a purely religious rite, and there is a law inflicting three years' hard labour on a man who cohabits with a woman without being first married to her. Jules Belmette fell into the snare set for him, and was soon living on the most intimate terms with Teresa Cinotti. The consequence was that he was denounced and committed to prison, and could only escape condemnation by a marriage. His father, who was informed of the fact by a friend, hastened to Rome and obtained his son's release. The young man, however, was soon after induced by the accomplices of Arcangeli to leave his father and go with them to a church along with Teresa, where the couple took each other's hand, and declared themselves man and wife. They then attended mass, but it appears that the officiating priests knew nothing of the union. A clandestine marriage like this being considered valid in Rome, though it must be followed by one regularly celebrated, M. Belmette protested, in vain, against its validity. Teresa next denounced the young man for refusing to complete their union, an offence rendering the offending party liable to ten years' hard labour. He was accordingly arrested again, and lodged in the prisons of the Holy Office. The father claimed the intervention of the French ambassador, but without effect, for the ecclesiastical authorities, constantly responded with an inflexible *non possumus*. At last, on the 31st October, he was taken, locked up in a carriage escorted by sbirri, to the church of St. Augustine, where he found Teresa Cinotti awaiting him. He was then offered the alternative of wedlock or the galleys, and naturally enough he chose the former. It is that marriage which the elder M. Belmette calls on the French courts to break, and in which some of the ablest lawyers in France have given opinion. As, however, the proceedings in such cases are notoriously slow, several weeks are expected to elapse before judgment is given.

THE MURDER ON THE NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

THE following additional facts have transpired concerning the man suspected to be the murderer of Mr. Briggs:—On the day of the murder Franz Muller worked at his employment until seven o'clock in the evening; after which he went to the house of Mr. Repsch, Jewry-street, Minorities, and was then left in the company of Hoffa, Mr. and Mrs. Repsch having to go out. Hoffa states that Muller left the house at eight o'clock, and that he (Hoffa) did not go out at all. Nothing further is known of Muller until the next morning, when he got up in his usual cheerful manner, and after breakfast went out. On the Monday following the murder Muller visited Mrs. Repsch, who at once saw he had got a new hat, which he said he had given 14s. for. Mrs. Repsch also observed the ring he had got from Mr. Death, and took it from his scarf and examined it. On the following Wednesday, after some conversation, Muller and Hoffa went to the shop of Mr. Annis, 121, Minorities, where the former pawned the gold chain received from Mr. Death for 80s., and on coming out of the shop Hoffa gave him 12s. for the ticket, and advanced a further sum of £1 in order that Muller might get his own watch and guard, pawned for £3, out of pledge. When this was done, the pair went to Prince's-street, Leicester-square, where Muller pledged the watch and guard for £4, and, in consideration of a further advance of 5s. Muller gave Hoffa the ticket. It has been ascertained beyond doubt that on the morning of this day Muller had not a fraction of money, consequently, when he in the afternoon went to the London Docks and paid £4 passage-money, and went on board the *Victoria*, which he did, immediately paying the money, he had only 5s. in money in his possession. It is not probable that the *Victoria* can reach New York before the 20th instant. From the information given by one of the agents of the owners of the vessel, who did not leave the ship until it reached Gravesend, it appears Muller attracted the attention of several of the passengers through his being without a change of clothing, and other requisites, for so long a journey. It was also noticed that one of the wristbands of his shirt was torn off. The police are now in possession of facts which place beyond a doubt that the man worn by Muller when he embarked is the same that was worn by Mr. Briggs on the night he was murdered; and of such importance was this considered, that, at the request of the Commissioners of Police, Mr. Briggs, the younger, accompanied Inspector Kerressey by the second mail steamer, the more effectually to complete the evidence necessary for the extradition of Muller. The sleeve-button found in the chimney in Muller's bed-room, and the trachea found in the neighbourhood, are now in the possession of Dr. Taylor, who has submitted them to analysis, and found the sleeve button deeply saturated with human blood, a portion of which he thinks has been wiped from a boot.

MARRIAGE OF DHULEEP SING.—The Alexandria correspondent of the *Times of India* gives the following account of the marriage of Dhuleep Sing, which took place at the British Consulate, Alexandria, on the 7th June, in the presence of a very few witnesses:—"The young lady who has now become the marriage is the daughter of an European merchant here. Her mother is an Abyssinian. She is between fifteen and sixteen years of age, of a slight but graceful figure, interesting rather than handsome, not tall, and in complexion lighter than her husband. She is a Christian, and was educated in the American Presbyterian Mission School at Cairo; and it was during a chance visit there, while on his way out to India, that the prince first saw his future bride, who was engaged as instructress in the school. Dhuleep Sing wore at the wedding European costume, excepting a red Turban. The bride's dress was also European, of white moire antique, a fish point d'Alençon—short lace sleeves, orange blossoms in her dark hair, with, of course, the usual gauze veil. She wore but few jewels; a necklace of fine pearls, and a bracelet set with diamonds were her only ornaments. The formula of civil marriage at her Britannic Majesty's consulates in the Levant is very brief. Both parties declare that they know no lawful impediment to their union; then they declare that they mutually accept each other as husband and wife, and the civil ceremony is over. This formula was pronounced by the prince in English; the bride, in a low but musical voice, read it in Arabic (that being the only language with which she is acquainted), and thus "Damba Muller" became the "maharajah." She showed much self-possession through it all. A religious ceremony was performed by one of the American ministers at the house of the bride's father; and the newly-married pair retired to the prince's house at Ramleh, a few miles from Alexandria. They will leave soon for England."

HORNMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—[Advertisement.]



No. 1.—SUMMER EXCURSIONS. A TRIP TO BOULOGNE. CROSSING IN THE BOAT.

THE SEASON AT BOULOGNE.

We again resume our sketches of the season at Boulogne; and, in the words of a contemporary, never in the annals of this, the gayest of French watering-places, were such numerous and varied attractions provided as at the present moment. First we have the Etablissement des Bains, in addition to its extensive ball and concert-rooms, &c. (unique in its kind), extremely valuable for its new swimming school, and capable of accommodating hundreds at a time, its delightful gardens, and its many out-door amusements besides. Then the grand concerts at the cathedral, given by the talented and rising artiste, Mr. Gretton, who, though an Englishman, is organist to the cathedral (which, by the way, is very near completion, and already forms one of the prettiest sights in Boulogne). In a few days the annual pilgrimages will commence,



No. 4.—FISHERMEN ON SHORE.



No. 5.—THE BATHING WOMAN.



No. 8.—BOULOGNE IN THE SEASON. DANCING AT THE TINTELIERIES.



No. 2.—INTERIOR OF THE CAFE VERMONT.



No. 3.—BOULOGNE FISHERWOMAN.

bringing thousands of devotees daily to its shrine from all parts; truly a special novelty to such of our countrymen who have never yet visited France.

There is also a concert in preparation to be given by the renowned Patti (about 26th inst.), who, with part of the Italian troupe, are staying here to recruit their health after the fatigues and ovations they have lately undergone in overcrowded, dusty London. It is something for Boulogne when such company select it for a halting-place, and it was really delightful to behold them for hours the other day in the fields, a few miles from hence, by the river's bank, disporting themselves with a freedom from all restraint, and in perfect enjoyment of this sylvan scene.

Then, again, the races and steeplechases brought last week

thousands of interested tourists, French and English. The great fair, which opened last Saturday, is this year greater than ever, and seems interminable. Here will be found every commodity in the world, not omitting a fair sprinkling of shows and booths for pleasures of a lighter sort. The fair lasts for a fortnight. No one here can complain of want of fine weather; it is, indeed, magnificent. Rain is certainly needed, if only to lay the dust, which is intolerable in some places.

The pretty little theatre and excellent troupe, giving very creditably indeed some of the best operas, including "Faust," &c., is not so much frequented as might be, possibly owing to the extreme fineness of the weather and to the season not as yet having fairly set in.

The usual itinerants, *marchands de coco*, fish and shrimp women, whose shrill cries are apt to awaken too early the indolent, the various perambulating bands, including now and then an English Punch and Judy, an acrobat—not forgetting occasionally (especially at the races) an English swell-mobman or two, who have, unaccountably hitherto, after making some good hauls, escaped detection—these, and the various notabilities always to be known by their eccentricities, this year abound.

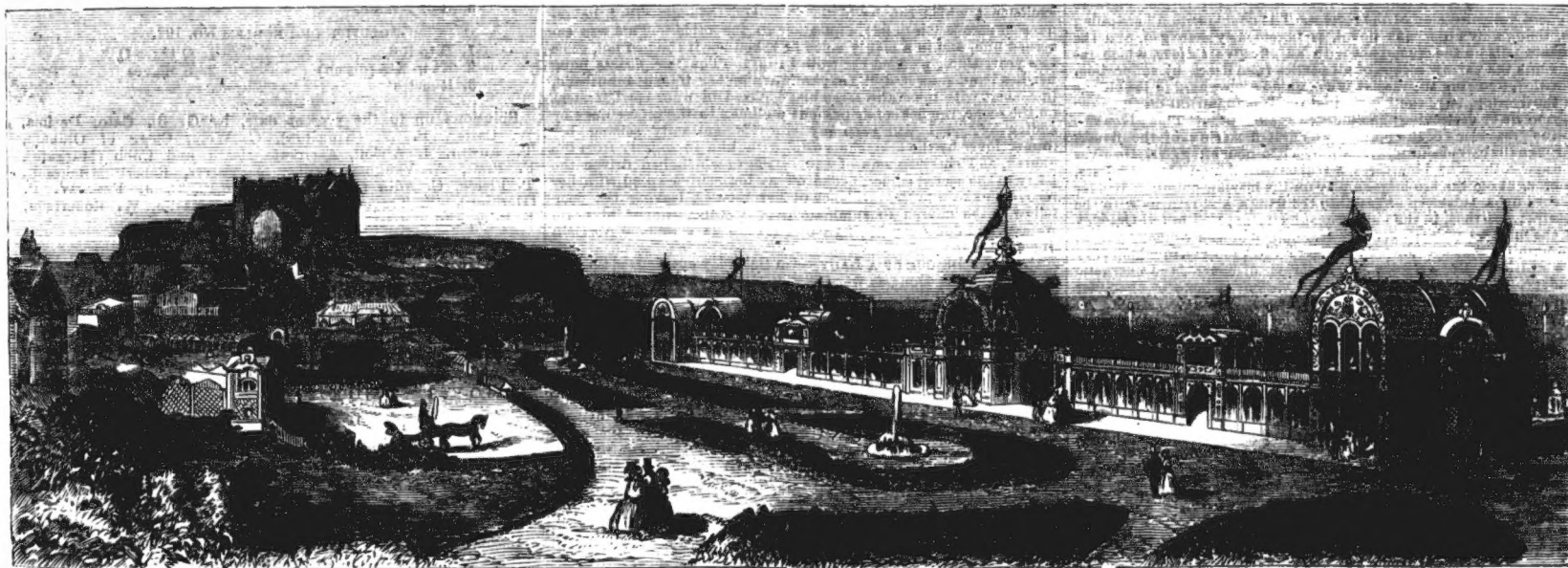
But now to return to our illustration. We should have said that our passage across in the Channel steamer (Illustration 1), although starting with a slight breeze, soon culminated into a smartish gale, leading to the somewhat unpleasant results, as given in the sketch (No. 17) on page 140. This journey across we described a few weeks



No. 6.—THE PRETTY BATHER.



No. 7.—SHRIMPING AT AMBLETEUSE.



No. 9.—THE NEW CRYSTAL BATHS AT DIEPPE.

[Continued on page 140.]

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—The supplemental season at cheap prices has extended to the present week, and the house has been crowded to suffocation every evening. Although the departure of some of the artists—necessitated by Continental engagements—led to some grave changes in the cast of parts, it does not appear to have had any lessening effect on the general representations. Indeed, in one opera the necessitated alterations were so much for the better that everybody wondered why the substitutes were not the elected performers in the first instance. The opera was "Lucrezia Borgia" (repeated on Tuesday evening), with, of course, Mdlle. Titiens as Lucrezia, and Signor Ghignini as Gennaro, Mdlle. Trebelli being substituted for Mdlle. Bettelheim in Maffeo Orsini, and Mr. Santley for Signor Gassler in Duke Alfonso. All who are in the least acquainted with Mdlle. Trebelli and Mdlle. Bettelheim could readily understand how much superior the former would be to the latter, even if they had not seen and heard her previously in Maffeo Orsini—a character which she sustains with an effect not equalled since the days of Albani. Few, on the other hand, could believe that Mr. Santley would create so really great a sensation in the part of Duke Alfonso by his singing because few really thought the music capable of so powerful an effect. Perhaps, on the whole, the "Vendetta" song was never sung so well in this country; certainly not better even by Tamburini, when that prince of barytones could sing and his voice was peerless among singers of his class. The "Vendetta" song is wonderfully suited to the resonant metallic quality of Mr. Santley's voice, and the difficulty of keeping in tune in the first movement involves no difficulty at all to our English barytone, whose intonation is seldom, or indeed never, at fault. Mr. Santley created so great a sensation in Alfonso that it is not likely in the future distribution of parts at Her Majesty's Theatre, the Duke will be transferred to another artist. The operas given on the cheap nights this week, in addition to the above, have been "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "Faust." This evening (Saturday) is the last night.

PRINCE'S.—The drama brought out at this establishment under the title of "The Streets of London," as mentioned in our last, for completeness of pictorial illusion has hardly been rivalled at any period in London. Such a vivid representation of reality the stage has, probably, never furnished, as that which Mr. G. Vining and his scenic artist have contrived to bring before a startled public in the House on Fire, which forms the most striking pictorial feature of the piece we have named, an illustration of which we give on our first page. The bill wisely prepares the audience for the nature of the scene, but if the programme had been less communicative the surprise of the spectators might have been exceeded by their terror. It is this stupendous "effect" which will become the talk of the town, and to this, therefore, we give prominence of mention. The drama, which is in three acts and a prologue, is avowedly an alteration by Mr. Dion Boucicault of the French piece known as "Les Pauvres de Paris," several adaptations of which have been repeatedly brought out in England and America under different titles. In the course of the story the incidents of the original are closely followed, the scene being changed to London, and the best known localities of the metropolis being faithfully represented on the stage. The prologue takes place in a most admirable set scene of a banking-house in Moorgate-street. The foreground of the stage is occupied by the bank parlour, the clerks are seen through the large window at work in the bank beyond, and further off is a view of the street. Gideon Crawley, the banker (Mr. J. W. Rye), having failed, is preparing to take flight to America with his only daughter. His plans are seen through by his chief clerk, Badger (Mr. George Vining), and a large sum of money is bargained for at the price of his secrecy. At this crisis Captain Fairweather (Mr. H. Mellon) enters to deposit twenty thousand pounds, but having left the money he hastily returns to reclaim it, hearing the instability of the firm. The banker is unwilling to let this pass from his hands, the sea-captain grows excited and dies in a fit of apoplexy, and the clerk picks up the receipt as a means of hereafter obtaining a larger amount. After a supposed lapse of fifteen years, we find the impoverished children of the old sea captain are living in the upper rooms of a Drury-lane pie-shop, kept by one Jonas Puffy (Mr. David Fisher), whose good nature has not allowed him to claim their rent, though he is terribly backward with his own. The return of Lucy Fairweather's lover, Mark Livingstone, from the Southern States, where he has been kept a prisoner, seems to brighten the hopes of the family, but unfortunately Mark is as poor as themselves. Old Crawley, however, wants a husband for his daughter, and Mark takes advantage of a former acquaintance to borrow money from the rich man on the strength of his possibly supplying the deficiency. In the meantime, Badger has returned from California with all his money spent, but the receipt still in his possession, and an effective situation is contrived where he has an interview with Crawley, and is carried off in custody of the police on a charge of attempted extortion when he comes to enforce his claim. Reduced to the lowest state of poverty, Lucy Fairweather and her brother Paul wander about the streets and finally take refuge in a miserable garret in Bedfordbury, where Badger, returned from imprisonment, occupies the adjoining attic. The wretched brother and sister resolve to suffocate themselves by the fumes of charcoal (it is hardly necessary to add this is the French expedient), whilst Crawley has a fruitless interview with his former clerk to try and get possession of the receipt. The double action here going on, though by no means novel, is ingeniously managed, and the curtain falls on the second act with an effective tableau, which represents the narrow escape of all parties from death by suffocation. Crawley, knowing the receipt is concealed somewhere in the chimneys of the flooring, buys the house, and resolves to burn it down as the best mode of destroying the evidence against him. This gives rise to the great scene of the piece. The first flickering of the flames through the barred shutters is seen by a late-hour straggler. He gives the alarm, the crowd increases, a real engine, drawn by real horses, is brought on, the fire brigade play on the blazing building, Badger rushes up a ladder, plunges into the flames, and returns with the receipt; and thus, in the next scene, he is enabled to foil Crawley at the moment of his expected triumph, and the orphans obtain, through his agency, the restitution of the property to which they are entitled. The principal character is, of course, the energetic Badger, who is portrayed in all his various phases of character with wonderful dramatic force by Mr. G. Vining. Mr. J. W. Rye portrays the fraudulent banker with great artistic power. Mr. David Fisher and Mr. Dominick Murray, as the plemian, Puffy, and his son and shop-boy, Dan, make the most of their respective parts; and Mr. John Nelson and Mr. H. Forrester are adequate representatives of Mark Livingstone and Paul Fairweather. Mrs. H. Marston gives a comely portrait of the plemian's comely wife; Miss Emma Barnett pleasantly plays the rather unpleasant part of the banker's proud daughter; and Miss Fanny Wynne, who made her first appearance in London as Lucy Fairweather, has a pleasing appearance and an unaffected simplicity of style which promise well for her future favour with the public, and secured for her a most encouraging reception. The scene of Charing-cross on a winter's night is a clever dramatic painting by Mr. F. Lloyd, who had a special recall in its honour. Furnished with a lively overture by Mr. Charles Hall, introducing all the street tunes of the time, the piece early obtained the goodwill of the audience, and the curtain fell amidst every demonstration of a success which was equally decided and deserved. Mr. Boucicault received an enthusiastic call,

and smilingly responded to it. The drama has been repeated every evening to crowded and delighted audiences.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews announced their benefit and last appearance last evening (Friday), when a new and original comedy, by Mr. Arthur Sketchley, entitled "How Will they get Out of it?" was produced for the first time; the parody of "Faust and Marguerite" and "Under the Rose" following.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. H. Neville, as announced last week, took his benefit on Thursday, when he played his original character of Robert Eriery, in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," for the 378th time. A sketch, called "A Household Fairy" was produced for the first time, and the burlesque of "Masaniello" followed. The house was well attended.

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. E. T. Smith has a sensation in store for the patrons of Astley's. He is about to get up "Mazeppa" in grand style, and in order to ensure its perfect representation, has engaged an American artist, Miss Ada Isaac Menken, to play the part of Mazeppa, which she does without, what is called in theatrical parlance, a "double," dashing up mountains, leaping to the horse, in the bravest manner, and exhibiting an amount of pluck and courage not often met with, even in the equestrian world. Miss Menken is a great favourite in the United States and California, where she has given some five hundred representations of Lord Byron's hero.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment is drawing rapidly to a close, although the audiences continue to be both numerous and fashionable at this popular place of amusement. The combination of "The Pyramid" in a condensed form, the interlude of "The Bard and his Birthday," with its clever "Shakespearean visions," and the new song of "The Sea-side; or, Mrs. Rossie's out of Town," in which the company upon the beach at a fashionable watering-place is humorously depicted, form an entertainment so varied in its features and excellent in itself, that it can hardly fail to be attractive, even after a long run of many months. The gallery closes before the end of the month, but will very soon re-open with a new Opera di Camera, of which great things are reported.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The excursion season at the Crystal Palace has begun in earnest. On Monday the coachmakers' and several other benevolent institutions had their annual fetes at the Palace. On Tuesday the Temperance League held their large meeting, when the great fountains played, and a variety of other entertainments were provided. On Wednesday a popular shilling concert by all the artists, band and chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre, was given, when a recital from the opera of "Faust" and a miscellaneous selection took place on the great Handel orchestra. On Thursday and Friday there were other excursions, and on this day (Saturday) excursionists will be admitted at the shilling rate.

HIGHBURY BARN.—Mr. Giovannelli, proprietor of this establishment, took his annual benefit on Monday last. Mr. Giovannelli's popularity as a caterer for the amusement of the public, and the ordinary attractions of the place, secured him a large attendance.

Miss Marriott concludes her successful provincial tour this week at the Queen's Theatre, Hull. She declines all other engagements, intending to visit Paris to recruit her health and procure novelty, previous to her commencing the winter season at Sadler's Wells, next September.

THE MULE AND DONKEY SHOW.

On Tuesday morning, the Mule and Donkey Show was opened at the Agricultural Hall, and certainly Mr. John Douglas, the manager, and Mr. H. Lillinton have reason to be satisfied with the result of their efforts in getting up the exhibition.

There are no less than 125 entries, and the animals exhibited will quite upset the preconceived notion of the general public as to what a donkey is. Most of those exhibited are sleek and beautiful creatures, and some of them show an amount of spirit that is almost unpleasant in the hippodrome, where they are trotted out before the judges. There is far more amusement than even at the horse show, though of course of a different character. The beautiful white donkey presented to the Prince of Wales by the Pasha of Egypt carried off the first prize in the foreign donkey class, and is a splendid creature. The mules are exceedingly varied, and are excellent specimens of this class of beast.

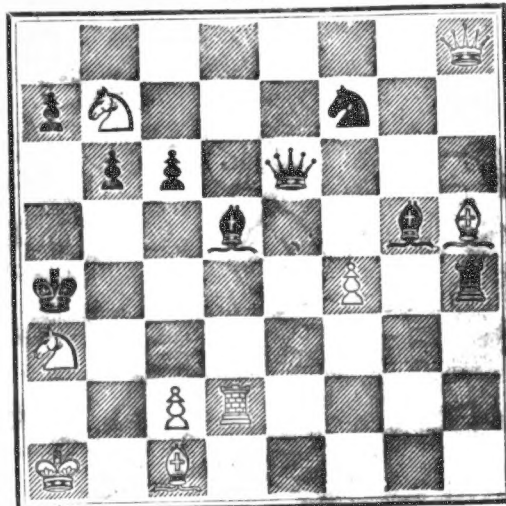
SINGULAR ISSUE OF A WEDDING CEREMONY.—HEARTLESS DISCOMFORTURE OF A WOULD-BE BENEDICT.—One of the most singular illustrations of the well-known aphorism, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," occurred, we are informed, in Antrim. It would appear, that at an early hour of the morning, a dashing suite of three carriages, with the customary hygienic embellishments, were furnished by a well-known local posting establishment to convey an apparently happy bride and bridegroom and a joyous wedding party to the historic town of Antrim, where the ceremony was arranged to take place. The party was said to have been in the highest spirits on the way, and arrived in Antrim, at once proceeded to the sacred edifice in which the twain were to be made one. The officiating clergyman was in readiness, the bride and bridegroom took their places, and the pretty bridesmaids, with a pardonable flutter of expectation, arranged themselves in their allotted positions, and "all went merry as a marriage bell" until the clergyman, in the course of the service, asked if any present knew of any just cause or impediment why the aspirants for matrimony before him should not be joined in that holy estate. The query was instantly responded to by a young gentleman in the body of the church, who protested that he had just reason to forbid the bans; and, amid excitement which can be better imagined than described, he requested permission to put a question to the bride. This was accorded him, and in a manly voice he asked her if she had not, some two years since, pledged her troth to him. The fair fiancée hung her head and answered, "Yes;" and while her intended husband, in concert with the entire assemblage, gazed in utter bewilderment on the scene, the fickle fair one put a climax to the proceedings by adding—"And I will keep my word!" Instantly seizing her former lover by the arm, she swept with him in majesty from the church, and entering one of the carriages which had driven the party to the sacred edifice, drove off at locomotive speed with her recovered swain to the residence of her mother, leaving the poor fellow in the church to ruminate over the inconsistency of fickle woman, and doubtless hoping "better luck next time."—*Northern Whig.*

GALLANT RESCUE OF A LADY.—On Saturday evening, as the Isle of Man steamer Douglas was nearing the pier at Douglas, a large number of small boats were, as usual, awaiting her arrival. Unfortunately, one of the boats, containing a lady and a gentleman, came into contact with the steamer, and was instantly capsized, the lady and gentleman being thrown into the sea. There was a rush of boats to the place, and the gentleman was got out of the water immediately, but the lady was not seen for some time, and it was feared she had been washed under the steamer. The excitement on board the Douglas and in the surrounding boats was intense. A gentleman, a passenger on board the steamer, in the most gallant and praiseworthy manner jumped into the sea, without waiting to remove a single article of clothing, and in a few moments seized the body of the drowning lady, and amid the cheers of the crowd of passengers and on-lookers, bore her to a boat. She was taken on board the Douglas, and after the usual means had been tried for some time, animation was restored. Mr. Stephen Quirk was the gentleman who so nobly rescued the lady.

For Toothache, Tic-doloureux, Facies, Neuralgia, and all nervous affections, use Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tic Pills. They allay pain and give power to the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box by post for fourteen stamps, from Kendall, chemist, Clapham-road, London.—*Advertisement.*

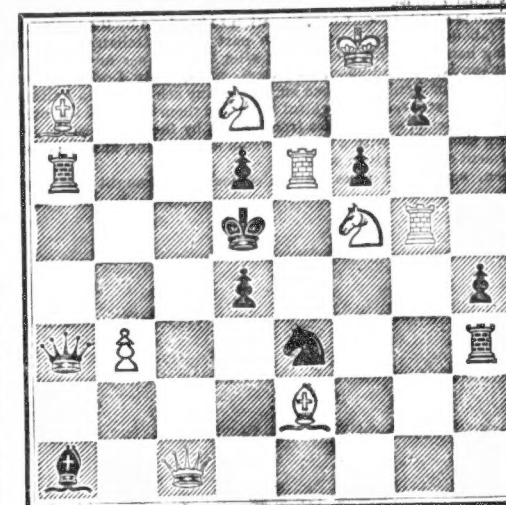
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 197.—By W. GRIMSHAW, ESQ.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 198.—By C. T. A.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 188.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 1. B to K square | 1. R takes R |
| 2. Q takes Kt (ch) | 2. P takes Q |
| 3. B mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 189.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. R takes Kt P (ch) | 1. K to K R square |
| 2. Q to K R 4 | 2. R takes Q (ch) |
| 3. R to K Kt 4 (dis ch) | 3. B covers |
| 4. B takes B (mate) | |
| 2. | (a) 2. P to R 4 |
| 3. R to K Kt 6 (ch) | 3. Any move |
| 4. Q takes P (mate) | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 190.

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------|
| 1. P takes Kt (becoming a R) | 1. K moves |
| 2. B to K Kt 6 | 2. " |
| 3. B to B 5 (mate) | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 191.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Q takes P (ch) | 1. B or R takes Q |
| 2. Kt to Q B 6 | 2. Anything |
| 3. R or B mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 192.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| 1. B to R 6 | 1. Q takes Q |
| 2. Kt to K 5 (dis ch) | 2. K moves |
| 3. R mates | |

Solutions up to the present date, by G. S. Cato, Decima, W. Carter, E. W. (Kingston), C. Weld, Clegg of Oldham, T. Austin, J. Abbott, Aspirant, Heath and Cobb (Margate), F. Brett, A. Vaughan, Willie, G. Farrer, Robert Mitcheson, T. Pierce, C. Adin (Manchester), W. F. C. J. Fox, W. P. (Dorking), W. Travers, G. W. B. J. Barlin, W. Robertson, E. Price, and T. Cariss—correct.

F. C.—We shall feel obliged if you will in future give to each subject a separate sheet of paper.

W. CARTER.—As the Kings cannot occupy squares next to each other, Black could not take the Knight in the position submitted.

CATO.—The opening moves of the King's Bishop's Pawn game are as follows:—1. P to K B 4, 2. K Kt to B 3, 3. P to K 5, 4. P to Q Kt 3, 5. B to Q Kt 2, 6. P to Q Kt 3, 7. B to Q Kt 2.

T. ROYSON.—The player giving odds has the right of moving first in each game, unless it be otherwise agreed.

STEPHEN WARD.—Your problem shall have early attention. Stamped envelope duly received.

EXTRAORDINARY FLIGHT OF A PIGEON.—A pigeon, the property of Mr. Jacob Lewis, the landlord of the Duke of Wellington, Camden-grove, Peckham, was sent by rail to the station-master, at Exeter, to be thrown up. This was done at 10 15 a.m. and the bird returned home at 3 35 p.m., the distance being 171 miles. A great many bets were dependent upon the event.

Tale and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

BOW STREET.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH.—Henry Worthington, a young man, was charged before Mr. Flowers, with having created a disturbance and interrupted the service in Whitfield Chapel, Wilson-street, Drury-lane, on Sunday evening. Mr. Powell, the deacon of the chapel, said that he was present in his own place, the previous night, the congregation being a very crowded one. While the sermon was in the course of delivery, a loud and unbecomingly loud noise proceeded from some one among the people, which caused a great sensation in the chapel. The groaning and yelling being repeated at short intervals, and it being impossible for the minister to proceed in consequence, witness went to a pew in which the prisoner was sitting, and asked him quietly to leave the building—the noise having proceeded from him. He refused to do so, and then witness seized him by the collar, with the view of dragging him out of the place by force. The prisoner then said he would leave quietly, and witness released him. He then sat down under the seat of the pew, and it was only by the combined aid of several persons, and the causing a most unbecomingly disturbance, that the prisoner was at length ejected from the chapel. On getting outside he assaulted one of the persons who had assisted in removing him from the building. Witness observed that the prisoner had been drinking, and was probably unaware of the extent of his misconduct, and as he had been locked up all night there was no way to press the charge further against him. The prisoner said he was very sorry. He took a little drop after his tea, and it seemed completely to get over him. He had never been there, or charged at a police court before, and he could get a good and steady character from his present employer, for whom he had worked eighteen months. Mr. Flowers: This is a very bad case, and if the complainant had not pleaded for you, you would have been very severely punished; as it is, I will only fine you 5s., hoping it may serve as a warning to you.

WESTMINSTER.

STEALING CHILDREN.—A poor woman, who appeared much distressed in mind, entreated the magistrate to aid her in recovering her two children—a girl of eleven, and a boy nine years of age—who had been stolen. Applicant said they were playing in Union place, Castle-lane, Westminster, on that day week, and failing to return home at night she made some inquiries, and found they had been taken away by a man, to be conveyed, as it was said, to a lady who had taken a fancy to them. Applicant and her husband had endeavored to trace the man and children without effect, and she was perfectly at a loss to know how to reclaim them. Mr. Arnold asked if she had given information to the police. Applicant replied she had, and she believed they had made diligent search for them. She feared she should never see them again. Pawley, the summoning officer of the court, said the poor woman had been repeatedly to the police-station. Information had been forwarded throughout the metropolitan police district of the occurrence, but without effect. Mr. Arnold commended the poor woman's misfortune, but said that he could not in any way assist her. He hoped the exertions of the police might yet be attended with some favorable result.

CLERKENWELL.

A STRANGE CASE OF BIGAMY.—A stout, respectable-looking woman of middle age applied to the sitting magistrate for advice under the following circumstances:—She stated that she had been formerly married by a man, but what made the matter worse was the fact that one of her own sex had been heartless enough to prey upon her, and had taken her at a most unfair advantage. She had been married to a man for about three months, and now he had left her, and had gone to live with the woman who had introduced her (the applicant) to him. She had ascertained that her husband was not her husband, for he had two wives alive besides her. The magistrate asked the applicant what was the object of her application. The applicant replied that she wanted to know if she could not get back her property. She had a good home when she was introduced to the man of whom she was complaining, but he had taken it all away, and would not even allow her to have a single farthing, although he could afford to keep the woman who had seduced her. She had gone with her companion in a van to the Strand, and there it was that she fell in with the man who had been her husband. Having danced with him she told him all about her affairs, and then it was that he proposed to her, and she was married to him, by license, on the following Sunday. The magistrate remarked that it was rather a quick marriage, and asked the applicant how she knew that the man had been her husband. The applicant said she had found some letters that had raised her suspicions, and, having made inquiries, had found that her suspicions were well founded. She had now in her possession the copies of two certificates of marriage previous to her own, and she had seen both the parties. They were no better off than herself, for they had been duped. In addition to treating her in the best manner way he had he had often ill-used her, and the woman was now so ill that she could not go to the police. The magistrate said the applicant had better communicate with the police of the district in which she resided, and no doubt they would apprehend the man for bigamy.

VIOLENT ASSAULT ON A TRADESMAN BY PULLING HIS NOSE.—Frederick Allhough, of 7, Murray-street, Camden-town, a painter, was charged with assaulting Mr. George Croom, of 7, Murray-street, a greengrocer. Mr. Ricketts, solicitor, appeared for the complainant, and stated the case, from which it appeared that the complainant, with some friends, went into the Murray Arms, in Murray-street, on Sunday evening, the 3rd of July last, and whilst standing at the bar the defendant began to feel complainant about a watering-pot and pickaxe which he had lost. Complainant for some time took no notice of defendant's insults, and this exasperated defendant, who lost his temper, and was bent on having a row; and he came across the bar to the complainant and said he would pull his nose, which the complainant said he certainly would resist. Whereupon defendant laid hold of complainant's nose and turned it violently, so much so that evident traces of the violence were struck complainant several times and cut his lip. Complainant and two respectable witnesses corroborated this statement, when the defendant called two witnesses, who were his lodgers, and they denied the assault, and said the complainant called defendant a thief and a liar. Their evidence, however, was given in an unsatisfactory manner, and they declined to say, on cross-examination, how much rent they owed Mr. Barker asked how it was that the case had not come on before? Mr. Ricketts said that the defendant had been out of the way to avoid the process of the court. Mr. Barker fined the defendant 15s. and cost, or seven days' imprisonment. The defendant was looked up in default.

MARYLEBONE.

SERVANTS AND THEIR "FOLLOWERS."—MIDNIGHT VISITORS.—Three brewers' servants, named John Black, Stephen Crumpley, and John Ellingworth, were charged before Mr. Yardley with being found in No. 2, Albany-street, Regent's-park, supposed for an unlawful purpose. It appeared that about four o'clock on Sunday morning Mr. Henry Foster, residing at the above address, left his bed-room in order to call upon one of the maid servants to attend upon his wife, who was ill. To his surprise he met one on the stairs fully dressed. To his question she replied that she had been forced to get up and dress, as she was not well. He then desired her to call for a second female servant. Still more surprised was he when she came up immediately came up dressed. Her excuse was that she got up to assist the first servant. He then gave directions for the third servant to be called, and she as instantly also walked up stairs fully attired. This seemed to astonish him much. Prosecutor was perplexed what to do or how to act until he heard a rustling noise about the house. He went to ascertain the cause of this, and discovered the first prisoner behind a curtain, the second under a table in the library, and the third in an up-stairs room. The police were called to go. The prisoners now said that they had been admitted by the servants. Mr. Yardley: You were then coasting them at a most improper hour. What business had you to invade this gentleman's house at such an hour? You were there improperly and immorally. I order each of you to enter into recognisances to be of good behaviour for the future. The prosecutor said that he had sent his three servants away.

WORSHIP STREET.

A DETERMINED ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE AND GALLANT RESCUE.—Eliza Bagg, 16, described as a bonnet-maker, living at 32, Anson-street, Shore-ditch, was charged with the following resolute act of attempted suicide:—Henry Sexton, a youth about the same age as the prisoner, said: On Wednesday night I was with a companion, named Thomas Howard, at two Shoreditch Church, when I saw Eliza, whom I have known about two months, in company with another girl. I overheard her say, "Now I am going to drown myself." They went down the Hackney-road, and we followed. When they got to Goldsmith's-row Eliza commenced running, and on reaching the canal bridge leading to the London-fields she got right on the top of it and jumped in the water. The other girl stood at the end of the row. When I saw Eliza jump, I got up and went after her. I got her to the side somehow, but it was the wrong side, for there was a wall and I could not get her out, so I was obliged to cross with her, for she kept calling out, "Let me go; I will do it again." When I managed to take her to the other side my companion helped to pull her out. Magistrate: Then you saved her life. Can you swim? Witness: Yes; but only a little; besides I very nearly dashed my brains out by striking my head

against the bottom of the canal. (Rabbling his head.) Magistrate: Is the water deep at that spot? Constable: Yes, sir, and about twenty-five feet to it from the coping of the bridge. The prisoner's father is in court. A respectfully-dressed man, about fifty years of age, and with sternly set features, came forward at the remark, and looking full at the girl, replied to questions from the bench: Yes, this is unfortunately my child; my only child living; she will be seventeen next April, if she lives; yes, if she lives. Why do I say unfortunately? Because she is an idle, slothful, bad girl, an associate of the worst of characters of both sexes, and will not do the slightest thing for me. Some time past she left her home for two nights, and has now been away since Monday. Has she a mother? Yes; but we have not lived together for nine years. What has become of her? (The prisoner's) bonnet and slawl? I don't know where the bonnet is. We were at a lodging-house, and two young men came and fetched us out. I could not bear the thought of going home after being a bad girl, and serving my father as I had. Magistrate: Do you (the father) believe that she made this attempt upon her life from fear of returning home? The father (bitterly): Not she. Fear! She has no fear, not a fear of anything; no, no. She most likely thought it was the only chance she had of being taken home again. Magistrate: Well, I shall remand this girl, and consider what course to adopt respecting her. The prisoner, who had, except when speaking, bent over the dock rail with her face in her hands, was then removed. On the occasion of a woman being brought before Mr. Cooke on a remanded case of attempted suicide, that gentleman remarked: "My fixed intention is to send all such cases to the trial, if brought before me; and I earnestly trust that this course will tend to diminish their number; for in this district they are as frequent as cases of petty larceny."

A WATCH ROBBERY.—John Clark was charged with stealing a watch and chain, value nearly £20, from the person. Mr. Abraham, a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, while passing through the neighbourhood of White-chapel about a fortnight since, was rushed upon by a young man who grasped his gold guard chain, and pulled it with such violence as to break it close to the button-hole of the waistcoat, to which a cross piece was attached. The man escaped with the property, although pursued for a considerable distance by the owner. Very shortly afterwards Mr. Abraham received an indirect communication that the watch could be "heard of" at the shop of a tradesman in the vicinity, and he consequently proceeded there accompanied by one of his sons. The matter was mentioned. "A gold watch (naming the number)?" "Yes." "Not any name on the back?" "No." "Well, yes; if you had been here ten minutes since I could have shown it to you." Subsequently Mr. Abraham was informed that his property could be restored for £17. He had a strong desire to regain his possession from the fact of it having been a souvenir from his wife; but to this proposal he would not consent, and the watch, therefore, was not shown. Meanwhile, every effort was made to apprehend the thief, and this was at length effected by Kemwood, a plain clothes constable of the H division, who, from an accurate description given, took him in a lodging-house. A summons was then obtained against the tradesman, that he might account for his share in the transaction. He attended with Mr. Lewis, of Epsom, as his solicitor, and it was understood that the watch offered for £17 was not the actual watch stolen, but one resembling it, and of equal value. Mr. Vann, therefore, on this representation, which he could not on the part of the prosecutor dispute, inasmuch as the article had not been seen by Mr. Abraham, declined putting the tradesman into the witness box, and the prisoner now preferring a summary adjudication on the charge of stealing, was sentenced to an imprisonment of six months.

A SHAM POLICEMAN.—Robert Flimingham, a middle-aged man, described as a non-commenced officer in the Tower Hamlets Militia, was charged with obtaining money and refreshment under the false representation of being a police constable. Mr. Nind, from Mr. Abbott's office, appeared for the defence. Mary Ann Morris, an elderly woman, said she lived in Foster-street, Bethnal-green, and was a widow. She never saw the prisoner until five o'clock on the previous Friday evening, when on her return home she found him at her door. He said he was a police constable from Scotland-yard, and wanted to see her, as her house was indicted. He had been to five of six of the same sort of houses and got money out of them. He could do just the same for her as if the case went before a magistrate. He came into the house and then said he wanted a pint of ale, which was got for him from the Lord Collyer's public-house. She had no money in her pocket, but she borrowed half-a-crown, and offered it to him, and he took it, but said it was not enough. He then made several improper demands, followed by indecent conduct, and sat down in a lower room. She was not satisfied he was a constable, and gave the prisoner into custody. He appeared to be quite sober. In cross-examination by Mr. Nind, the witness admitted that her house was one of ill-fame. Penn, 30 K, said the prisoner was in the prosecutor's house when she complained to him of his conduct, and he told her he would wait till he came out. When he did so he spoke to her, and she said, "The house is a common brothel, and I am a police constable from Scotland-yard." I replied, "If you are really a constable, you must have some authority to show me." He said he did not do so, and the witness told him the charge the last witness made against him, and that he must take him on it. He then said it was all a joke, that he was not a constable, and that he would not only give the woman her half-crown back, but pay for the ale he had had, and stand anything that might be necessary to square the job. The witness thought he had been drinking, but he could both walk and speak very well. He took him into custody, and on the way to the station he said he had been robbed at that house on a former occasion by some woman, and that this half-crown had been given him to say nothing about it. Mr. Wood, the usher, said he knew the prisoner very well. He had been frequently there upon business some position there. Mr. Ellison said if the prisoner might have thought and said the money not been returned, this woman might have thought and said to the end of her days that the police were corrupt in the execution of their duty. The evidence did not show that the prisoner was drunk at the time, though even that would be an aggravation. He should remand him that the police authorities might determine whether they would prosecute for the offence, but he would accept bail, the prisoner himself in £50, and two sureties in £30 each. The bail was shortly after found.

THAMES.

THE SCROLOMASTER AND HIS CASE.—A respectable looking woman named Spencer complained to Mr. Paget that the under master of the Stepney Meeting School had severely flogged her son, a rather delicate boy ten years old. The man's name was M. Naught. He had severely punished her boy seven weeks ago, but she overlooked that, believing that if her boy would not learn his lessons he must be corrected. A second and more severe punishment, coupled with the fact that others had complained of M. Naught, induced her to appeal to the magistrate. In answer to the magistrate as to the nature of the punishment, the under master said that he had attended by a congregation of Independents. Mr. Paget: A congregation of dissenters? Mrs. Spencer: Yes, sir. Mr. Paget: Very good, let me see the boy's back. The mother bared the back of the child, and exhibited weals and black and blue marks on it, and on the upper part of his arm. Mr. Paget: What was that done with? The boy: A cane, sir. Mr. Paget: A severe caning, certainly. The boy having arranged his dress and covered his back, the magistrate said no real injury had been done, and advised the mother not to get her boy into the notion that he had been very ill-used. The boy's head and limbs had not been touched. If that had been done he would have interfered. He should not grant a summons in this case. He hoped that Mr. Naught would exercise a little discretion in the administration of punishment to boys of tender years. The mother of the boy seemed a little dissatisfied at the result of her application, and as she left the court, said, if her boy was ill-used again in a similar manner she would take the law into her own hands.

SOUTHWARK.

DOINGS OF A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.—Richard Wyburgh, a ticket-of-leave convict, and Catherine Cronin, a notorious thief, were charged on remand with being concerned with a man not in custody in violently assaulting Edward John Sackett, and robbing him of his watch and chain, a gold seal pin, and some money. The prosecutor, a leather-dresser, said that on Thursday night, the 25th of last month, he visited some friends at Dockhead, and a little after twelve o'clock was passing the Queen Elizabeth Schools at Horsleydown, when the female prisoner crossed over the way from where he had seen her standing with the male prisoner and another man, and followed him conversing with him. They proceeded across the Neckinger-road, and when near the railway some one came suddenly behind him, and seizing him by the throat, pulled his head backwards, nearly throttling him. At that time he heard the woman call out, "Now, Dick, do it," and then the male prisoner came in front of him, snatched the gold pin from his coat, and tore his watch and chain from his waistcoat. The man behind him then released his arms, and he fell backwards, when some one rifled his pockets of his money, and they ran off. He got up immediately, and called out, "You may as well give me my hat back." Wyburgh brought it to him, and he kept him in sight until he saw a policeman approach. He then gave him into custody. He saw the prisoner Cronin at the station-house, when he picked her out among several other women. He positively swore to Wyburgh as being the man who robbed him, but he did not distinguish the other man. Police-constable 130 M said about one o'clock in the morning of the 25th ult. he was on duty in Russell-street, Bermondsey, when he met the prosecutor with Wyburgh, whom he gave in custody for robbery. They went to the station-house, where the prosecutor described the manner in which he had been robbed, and the female prisoner was apprehended. She denied

all knowledge of the robbery, declaring that she was at home in bed at the time. But witness had seen her in Wyburgh's company a short time before the robbery at Dockhead. He could not be mistaken about her as he knew her so well. Hughes, an old detective officer, said he knew both prisoners as very bad characters. He had Wyburgh in custody in March, 1858, when he was tried and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing lead. He had him again on the 19th of May, 1859, when he was sentenced to three months under the Vagrant Act. On the 4th of January, 1860, he was tried at the Surrey Sessions and sentenced to four years' penal servitude. After serving three years and three months he was liberated with a ticket of leave. Since then he had suffered three months' hard labour. The prisoner Wyburgh admitted all these convictions, but he denied all knowledge of the robbery. On Friday morning, the 25th ult., about one o'clock, he was passing up Russell-street, when he picked up prosecutor's hat and gave it to him, when he gave him into custody. Cronin denied being there at all. She said she was at home in bed at the time, and her landlady could prove it. The latter, the keeper of a lodging-house in Kent-street, was here called and on being sworn said that the prisoners lodged at her house as man and wife. A little before twelve on the night in question she saw Cronin in the house, and witness went to bed directly after that. Mr. Woolrych fully committed both prisoners to Newgate for trial.

SUBSTANTIAL ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE IN A DITCH.—Patrick Welch, a miserable-looking old man, was brought before Mr. Woolrych charged with attempting to drown himself in a ditch in Bermondsey. Police-constable 128 M said that about twelve at noon on the previous day he was on duty near the canal in the Bermondsey New-road, when he received information that the old man had drowned himself in a ditch. He proceeded there at once and saw four or five men dragging the prisoner out of a ditch, and almost insensible. Mr. Woolrych asked the depth of the water in the ditch. Witness replied that the water was about three feet deep. Welch was in the ditch in connection with the canal, and, whilst with the water and mud, was one so inclined might soon get suffocated. Mr. Woolrych asked whether the prisoner said anything? Witness replied that as soon as he recovered, he said, "Why did you not let me alone? I am sick of this life." With assistance he removed him to the station-house, where he received every attention from the divisional surgeon. Mr. Woolrych (to the prisoner): What have you to say for attempting such a wicked act? Prisoner (looking up): What wicked act? Mr. Woolrych: Why, attempting to drown yourself in this dirty ditch. Prisoner: Oh, I went there to wash my shirt, that's all. Mr. Woolrych: Wash your shirt in a dirty ditch! I can't believe that; besides you were pulled out almost suffocated with mud. Prisoner: Well, I suppose I may roll into a ditch if I like without making any one. I didn't mean to do any harm. I have nothing to do, no friends, and am rather hard up. Mr. Woolrych expressed an opinion that the prisoner was not in his right senses. He should therefore remand him for a week, so that the medical officer of the prison might examine him, and inquiries be made about him.

ANOTHER CASE.—Elizabeth Sweeney, a respectable-looking middle-aged female, was charged with attempting to destroy herself by swallowing a quantity of opium of salt. Police-constable 153 M said he was called to Duke's Head-court, in Mini-street, on Saturday morning, where he saw the prisoner in great agony. He was told she had swallowed spirits of salt. He instantly conveyed her to Guy's Hospital, where the usual remedies were applied, and she had remained there ever since. The prisoner declared that she had no intention to commit suicide, but she admitted quarrelling with some of her friends and purchasing the spirits of salt to irritate them. The husband of the prisoner, a respectable working man, here came forward, and assured his worship that she would never make such an attempt again. Mr. Woolrych, after suitably admonishing her, ordered her to be given up to her husband, and, after thanking his worship, they left the court together.

LAMBETH.

SUSPICIOUS CASE.—Stephen Gile, a French gentleman, and Richard Cox, a young man of respectable appearance, were charged before Mr. Norton, on a charge of being drunk and incapable. Police-constable 461 P said that all he knew of the charge was the prisoners having been brought to the Walworth station at about one o'clock in the morning by a cabman, for refusing to pay his fare, and they were detained for personal safety. The French gentleman, who spoke English fluently, was paid his fare, and a visit with his friend, Mr. Cox, and in the evening they walked into a public-house, and after walking about that neighbourhood for some time they went into a public-house, and had a glass of half porter and half stout. They were perfectly sober at the time, and he might confidently say that such an amount of drink would not effect either of them, if the liquor had not been tampered with and dragged. The moment they drank it they both became perfectly powerless, so much so that they were obliged to be put in a cab and taken to the station house, and on coming to his senses he discovered his gold watch had been taken away from his chain, and he suspected the cabman had done it. In reply to the questions of the magistrate, the constable said the cabman was not in attendance, nor did he know his number. Mr. Norton expressed his surprise that the cabman was not in attendance to recover his fare, and considered the circumstance as very suspicious. Another cabman, badge 9,259, here got into the witness-box, and said he had assisted in putting the prisoners into the cab, and accompanied them to the station. He did not know the name or number of the cabman, but thought he lived in Bethnal-green. Mr. Norton at once discharged the prisoners, and directed that the necessary inquiries into the case should be made.

GREENWICH.

FINDING A WATCH.—The Bitter Bit.—John Davis, aged 41, and Hannah Ridgway, 30, of 28, Grinell-street, Deptford, were charged with having in their possession a stolen watch, and not being able to satisfactorily account for the same. The facts of the case were rather curious. The prisoners, it appeared, had been together as man and wife, and a few days ago the woman in question was in a state of great excitement, and said her landlady, but not to the police, intending to keep it and ascertain if any reward was offered for its recovery. The male prisoner, however, afterwards got possession of the watch, pledged it, and sold the duplicate to a man, who redeemed it. Nothing further, probably, would have been known of the affair but for the fact of the prisoners' having some disagreement with each other, and the man, out of a spirit of revenge, gave the female prisoner into the custody of Police-constable Bowling, 147 P division, at Gipsy-hill, Norwood, on a charge of having stolen a watch. Upon this the female communicated the fact of her accuser having pledged the watch, as stated above, and sold the duplicate to the man who had redeemed it. Both prisoners were then detained, and on inquiries being made the statement of the woman was found to be correct, and the watch in question was now produced. Mr. Trill said that information of the finding of the watch ought to have been given at the nearest police-station, but as the female prisoner had not kept the finding wholly a secret, having communicated the fact to her landlady, he should now order her discharge. The male prisoner, who had sought to give her into custody on a charge of stealing, had been guilty of an offence in having illegally pledged property which he had no right to, and in default of paying the amount received from the pawnbroker and from the man to whom he sold the duplicate, together with a fine of 10s. he would be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for a month. The watch would remain in the hands of the police to ascertain the rightful owner. The prisoner, evidently surprised at the position he had placed himself in, asked to be allowed time to obtain the money required, but this was refused, and he was removed to undergo his sentence.

HAMMERSMITH.

THREATENING TO SHOOT A GENTLEMAN.—Susanah Hunter, a very respectable-looking female, appeared before Mr. Ingham to answer a summons charging her with having threatened to shoot Mr. Joseph Atkey, a medical practitioner residing in St. James's-square, Nottingham-hill. The complainant said: I have known the defendant for many years. She formerly lived with me, and we have a daughter whom I have placed at a first-class school, and provided for her after my death. On the 30th ult., the defendant met me in St. James's-square, and said she would be the death of me. She also said, "I'll murder you! I'll shoot you." Mr. Ingham: Do you go in fear of any bodily injury? Complainant: I do. Two years ago I brought her to the court, and she was released on her promising never to annoy me again or use threats. The defendant: I am living in the neighbourhood of his house as a general servant, and he wishes me to leave. I am refused to allow my daughter to see me. If he will give me the little girl I'll support her. Mr. Ingham: If you persist in obtaining the possession of the girl you will have to apply to one of the superior courts. I am bound to tell you that it is the practice of the court to censure the wishes of the child. However, that is not the present question. What have you to say for using this extremely violent language? Defendant: I did not say I would murder him or that I would shoot him. I wished to speak to him about the girl, but he shut the door in my face. I felt indignant, as I cannot allow the girl's affection for me to be weakened. I have now left my situation. Mr. Ingham: You were let off last time, and now you must and do so securely in £10, for your good behaviour, with the next fourteen days' imprisonment. Defendant: Very well. I'll go for twelve of fourteen days' imprisonment. Her friends, however, came forward and offered two sureties, who were accepted, for her good behaviour for the next six months, and she immediately left the court with them.

THE SEASON AT BOULOGNE.

(Continued from page 187.)

since, and there is, consequently, no need to repeat it here, simply availing that the effects of the passage was soon got over, and we were soon enjoying ourselves at the Cafe Vermont (No. 2). We meet with a variety of characters, as may be supposed in this

It is a tasteful and effective construction of slight materials, quite solid enough for balls and concerts. It is well designed for its several purposes, and nothing can be gayer than the effect of the interior, with its central cupola, when lighted up and crowded with company. Doubtless, many of our English friends will pay a visit to these celebrated and beautiful baths on the way to the Paris fêtes. Illustrations of these latter festivities we shall give in our next.

Having refreshed ourselves, we take a stroll in the streets, towards the Fishermen's Quarter (see illustration here given), and are not long before we come across a Boulogne shrimp woman. Here she is (No. 3) just returned from her labours by the sea-side, and now on her way home with her load to prepare for the streets or the markets.

We are soon attracted to a group of fishermen, and then learn for the first time, that the women manage all the business transactions. The produce of his labours, on landing, the wife immediately takes charge of, sells it, and keeps the money. To such an extent is this system carried out that the husband knows no more of his pecuniary affairs than a stranger.

The young women are generally good-looking, with pretty blue eyes, but they soon get plain from hard work and exposure to the weather, and when old are very ugly. Here is the portrait of one (No. 5); an old bathing woman, broom in hand, ready to bathe either a lady or gentleman. You may see by her looks she is not over particular.

We next come across a pretty bather (No. 6) in her picturesque dress ready to take "a bather," but by no means a very dangerous one; and then, continuing our perambulation, soon get sight of a woman shrimping—not the one we met just now, but, to a great extent, her counterpart.

Tired with our journey, we return again to the cafe for "one bottle more" (see No. 11), and having made the waiter understand our wants, as far as the bottle



No. 10.—THE FISHERMEN'S QUARTER, BOULOGNE.

cafe, and soon get into a lively conversation with some of our volatile French neighbours. Boulogne is contrasted with Dieppe, and allusion is made to the new baths at this latter place. (See illustration 9).

This new building, by the way, is of the Crystal-Palatial type.

is concerned, we next accompany a polite Frenchman (and Frenchmen are always polite) to the Tintelleries, where we find the dancers prunetting like mad. At Boulogne not a week passes without two or three dancing fêtes. The popular places here are the Higher and Lower Tintelleries—two enclosures in the higher part of the



No. 11—"WINE FOR ONE."



No. 12.—CROSSING TO BOULOGNE—"RATHER FRESH"

base ville The Lower Tintelleries is an avenue of trees, which is lighted up with variegated lamps, interspersed with a profusion of tri-coloured flags, and is exceedingly pretty when the merriment is at its height. Be it observed, however, that everything is carried on with the utmost order.

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE;

OR,

LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.

A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER C.

LUCKNOW.—AUGUST 19 TO 24.

On August the 20th the enemy appeared to have come upon a new harvest of annihilation, for with daylight began the heaviest cannonade the garrison had yet encountered. For three hours the roar of artillery never ceased, and the consequence was that a number more houses were knocked down. However, the iron compliments, for the greater part, struck high, and did comparatively little damage.

But in spite of this racket Tom Dobbles, corporal in his company, still thought a good deal of Miss Skeggs. He committed himself to the remark that she was the woman for his money—not, certainly, that the sum was large. But it was a figurative way of speaking, and it may surely be urged that a corporal in the British army has quite as much right to be figurative as any other man.

Whenever Dobbles saw the Lurcher he saluted her, and that is a kind of attention to which no woman with a general sense of the proprieties could be indifferent.

Yet, in spite of this apology, it must be admitted that Skeggs was not of an adhesive sort. Of what she was at sweet seventeen history knows nothing; but at twenty-five (in fact, good for twenty-six on her own showing—so people can guess what her real years were.)—at twenty-six or, say, thirty-five, certainly she tried hard for a husband. Perhaps she was right. Who is it says marriage is the mission of womankind? Whoever it was, lived not a fool.

Lurcher was determined to marry (if spared)—and the truth compels us to say that she was not exuberantly particular as to who the partner was, provided he had no particular objection to the West-End, and was not a Radical.

At Fisher, we know, she looked and loved. Then she went over to him, and when Tim did not show himself that ardent Miss Skeggs would have had him, why—why, she did not turn quite a wall eye or a deaf ear to Corporal Dobbles's entreaties.

Mind, she was not a flirt. But she "wanted to love." She felt,

to use her own language, "That loneliness was not henriable," and so she smiled upon Tom Dobbles's salutes.

And now—will you believe it?—no sooner did Tim remark that Tom was making advances to Miss Skeggs, than Tim grew jealous of those attentions.

Man is, indeed, perverse.

It was on the 20th that Tim broke out.

Said he, "Does any feller I know want 'is precious 'ead pueebed?"

"Which you know your acquaintances better nor I do," says Tom.

"Which," says Tim, "one of my acquaintances 'ad better try and know hisself, and not make a fool o' that person, there being fools enough in this mortal world."

"What are you a drivin' at, Sergeant Flat?"

"Why, Corporal Dobbles, I shall be a drivin' at you, if you don't ground arms."

"What do yer mean?"

"Why, I mean as I ain't going to stand you courting my Willy-miner!"

"Blest if ever—why, Sergeant Flat, you don't want two of them, do yer?"

"Two? Ain't got one!"

"What about Jessie?"

"Ain't engaged to me."

"And Willy-miner?"

"I ain't engaged to her."

"Then I've as much right hankering after the Lurcher as you have."

"No, you ain't; you wait till she has refused yours obediently."

"I shan't; I shall try my luck—and you try yours."

"Then look out for action."

"Look out for—now, I tell you what I'll do, Tim. If you like, I'll agree to toss for her!"

"What?" said Tim Flat.

"T, o, double a for her!"

"No! Tom Dobbles, your ways and my ways ain't the same ways. When I tosses for a woman, may I get a bullet clean through me!"

"You won't toss for her?"

"No, I'd rather be bull-tossed for her!"

"Then you're the best man, Tim, for you respects her the most. And on the honour of a soldier I fall back to the rear. Yer's my hand!"

And thereupon they shook hands till both tingled with the exercise.

Thereupon, the next time Tom passed the Skeggs he did not salute her, but sauntered past looking intently at nothing at all.

Skeggs thereupon said "Good morning."

"Morning, miss," said he.

"Pray, have I offended you, Mr. Dobbles; which if I have been that unfortunate for to have done so—"

"Oh, Miss Skeggs," says he "you could not offend."

But thereupon fearing that he had treacherously stepped out of the rear to which he had promised to confine himself, he said the rear to which he had promised to confine himself, he said "Morning, miss," saluted in a manner which reminded Miss Skeggs of nothing so much as a frosty morning at the West-end, and then he marched forward with a good deal of weight in his boots.

Skeggs herself wondered to Tim himself what had come to Mr. Dobbles, and yet (oh, the perversity of mere man!) though thereby he learnt that Tom had stuck to his word, "Willy-miner, mine will you be?"

He wanted his own liberty, and yet took objection to anything like a liberty in Miss Skeggs's direction on the part of Corporal Tom Dobbles.

Man, as somebody says somewhere, is indeed an enigma.

Enigma! why, though Tim would not bind himself to Skeggs, he tried all he could to dazzle her with his position.

She had been praising him in her finest West-end fashion for some minutes on the very day when Tim and Tom came to their arrangement, when Tim says, "Willy-miner," says he "nothing 'ud give me greater pleasure than to be an hero."

It sounded very much like "a Nero," but Tim knew nothing of the Latins.

"Hero, Mr. Timothy! You are an hero!"

"No, Willy-miner; I'm not up to that."

"And all in garrison are heroes, Mr. Timothy."

And here Skeggs deserves a word of approbation for her little remark, for it showed she could think of something beyond the West-end and the fashions.

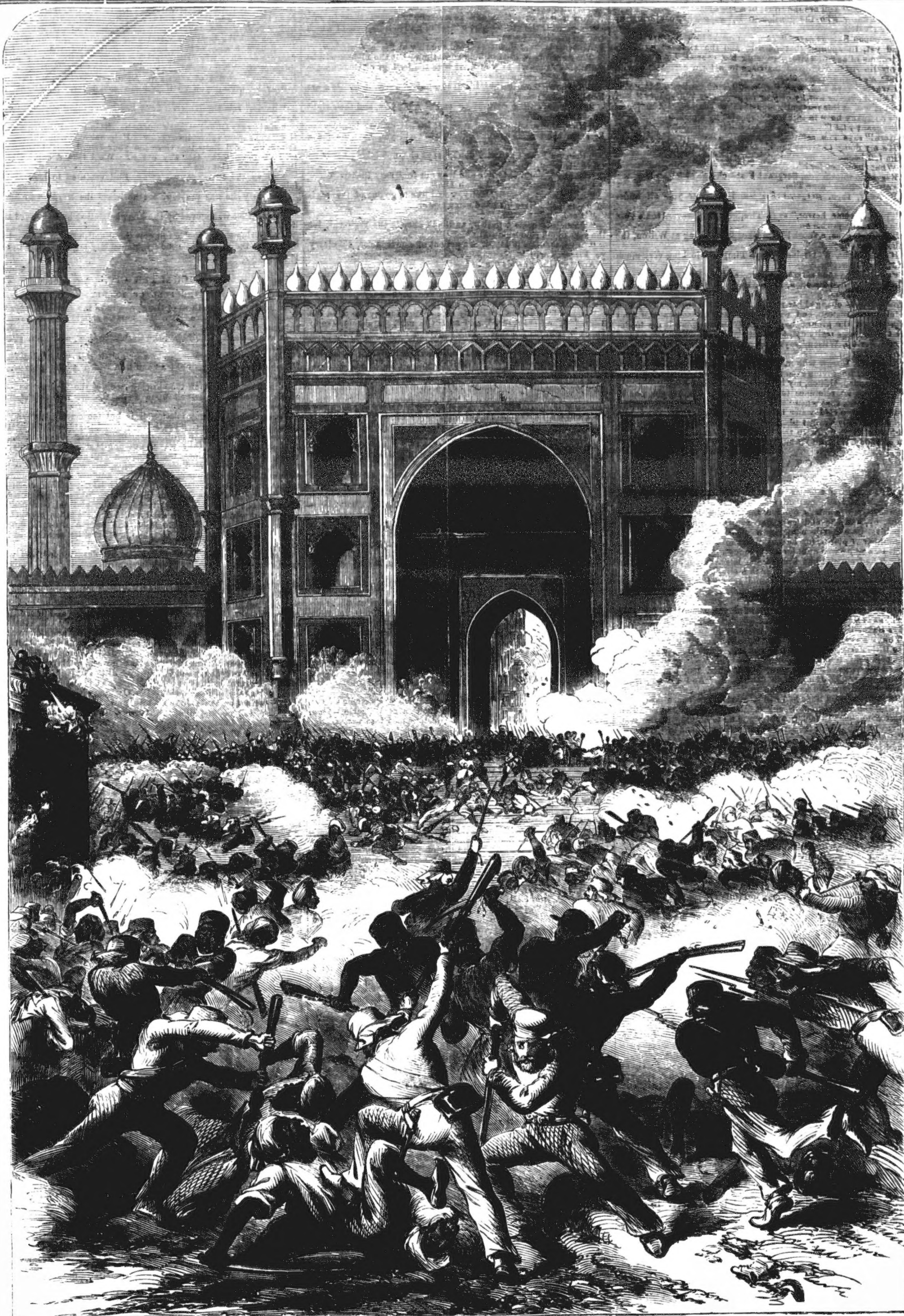
"Ha!" says Tim, "azackly." But he feels that the statement has taken the compliment out of the first remark.

Then, after the pause of a minute, he continues, "Though as for that, I was jest a bit of an hero before this mutiny broke out."

"That," says Skeggs, with a fine logical perception, for her, "alters the question."

"And," said Tim, "I'll prove it."

And that same evening, Tom Wilson, of the "Methody persuasion," as he himself put it, came up with a long face; and called upon to swear on the book that Tim was a hero before the siege, Wilson remarked that it went against his principles and his conscience, but where was it? Then he kissed that book with a face still longer than nature had made it, and did swear that Tim had once brought him, Wilson, in from action under a smart fire from the enemy, and was rewarded "not only," said Wilson, "with the thanks of his own conscience, but with a worldly sovereign out of the colonel's own pocket, and bestowed by the colonel himself."



CASHMERE GATE, DELHI. (See page 142.)

Miss Skeggs did the usual thing in courtships, and then turning to Tim she said, "You are the equal of a Mars!"

"Don't know who the gentleman is," says Tim, conjuring up another rival.

Whereupon Skeggs says, "Tim, you ought to be a general." And yet, in spite of that remark, and the knowledge that he was jealous of any one else possessing her charms, he would not lose his liberty and propose marriage in a form compatible with the notions of the West-end.

"I trust," says Tim, with the least bit of vanity in his voice, "as I shall ever be worthy of your respect, Miss Willyminer!"

And it was at this particular moment that the sergeant-major of Tim's company hove in sight, accompanied by a picket.

"Sergeant Flat!"

"Here!" says Tim, saluting.

"It's my duty to arrest you!"

Tim fell back.

"What the deuce for?"

"Regret to inform you, Sergeant Flat—charge of felony!"

"Fel—what?" asks Tim.

"Robbery, then, Sergeant Flat—and consider yourself under arrest!"

"There is some horror," says Tim, going, however, somewhat white about the jawbone.

"This is, indeed, a shock!" said Skeggs, catching at Wilson, the Methody, for support.

"It's all right, Willyminer," says Tim, but looking very much as if it was all wrong.

"Fall in!" says the sergeant-major—and as Sergeant Flat proceeded to obey this direction, Miss Skeggs betrayed some inclination to fall in also.

However, she changed her mind (or had it changed for her), and she fell down instead, and with such a way on her that she went shapeless on the ground, and respected truth compels me to declare that Skeggs really did, this time, faint dead away.

"Pick her up, Wilson," says Tim, who was every moment looking queerer.

"Leave the sorrow with me," says Wilson; and then, with some vague idea of improving even that occasion (it was open to improvement), he added, "Sitch, my brethren—oh, sitch is life!"

Which was no reference to Skeggs coming too, for she was in that frigid state, that when Samaritan Wilson opened her clenched teeth in order to cold water her back to consciousness, she spluttered successfully against that revival, and catching Wilson's right fore-finger bit it down to the bone—an operation which caused even Methody Wilson to come out strong in a remark of two.

CHAPTER CIL

MRS. SPANKISS.

Mrs. SPANKISS was a philosopher, and so was Sam Harrison (Miss Harrison, as he was sometimes spitefully called).

It was Mrs. Spankiss's opinion that young Job Fisher wanted rousing up, and she and Sam Harrison were quite agreed upon the point. Sam Harrison had now plenty of time to agree upon any number of points, for he had "run agin a bit o' shell-iron" as he put it, and he was unfit for duty, though not condemned to hospital. The fragment had bruised the left arm frightfully, and so Sam went about with that member in a sling.

"Give me young Jerry," he would say; "I'm only fit to nurse children now, I sink. Couldn't hang out and do your washes now, Cucumber, I couldn't."

"Only nurse a child! which grateful you should be for that same!" says Sude.

Says Sam solemnly, "I thank the living jingo as I can."

"You're a beauty, you are," says Spankiss, referring, not to Sam, but to little Jerry, whom he was nursing, while Sude was—folding, I believe, is the term.

"And you're growing like your big brother, too, you are." A reference to young Job. Then she added, "And I wish, Sam, Drummer Fisher could be cheered up."

Miss Harrison and Sude had had a good many consultations as to young Job's condition. Spankiss himself had not been admitted to these councils. In fact, Spankiss was up to nothing in the way of advice, his supply of the article even being confined to "Which—ah!"

Sude found it monotonous in the course of years.

"And I've made up my mind, Sam," said she, "to offer that boy a home yere. He oughtn't to be left altogether amongst the men. Men!" continued Sude, with an air which was almost worthy of Methody Wilson—"men don't do boys no good. They spiles 'em, and makes 'em jeer at us women—which ain't good for no one. The boy wants living up, and livened up he shall be."

And then it came about that that same evening, Sude, not being a woman to sit long on her determinations, was trying to cheer up young Job, while Miss Sam Harrison sat by, jerking young Jerry up and down, like a mechanical nurse well wound up.

The poor boy was desolate. The end of poor little Nobby had gone to his heart. He lounged about, and he set down in a don't-careish manner, when, under Sam Harrison's pioneerish, he had been conducted into the presence of Cucumber.

Whereupon that talented woman immediately began cheering up Drummer Fisher.

"Well, Mrs. Spankiss, and what did you want me to fetch my drum for?"

He had appeared in company with that musical instrument.

"Because we're going to have some do it," says Sude. And thereupon she produced a hair-comb, covered it with a bit of paper, and then she said, "Drummer Fisher you lead off with 'British Grenadiers,' and I'll follow."

"What! on the comb, Mrs. Spankiss?"

"Yes. Now—one—two—three—off!"

Here a grin came on the drummer's face, as Mrs. Spankiss remarked over her musical instrument.

And then the "do it" began.

The orchestra was like nothing else on earth but itself. And the shindy was shocking. Mrs. Spankiss knew no more about time than of the mode of introduction to her Majesty, while her only notion of tune was "do as much as you can in one hour." So at it she went, too-toting on her comb to that extent that she appeared to keep all the teeth in that comb ahead of the drum, and then to remain unaltered.

"Fine," says she, when she discovered Job had left off. "We'll have them 'British Grenadiers' again. One—two—three—off!"

"British Grenadiers!" It was just as much like the "Saul Dead March" played anyhow, or the "Old Hundred" well shaken up.

"Better," says she, after again finding out Job had stopped. And her remarks "Sag," and "better," though they ostensibly referred to the row, were really comments for Sam's edification upon the success of her efforts to "liven young Job up."

And Sam Harrison winked, and struck mechanical time with young Jerry.

"Try again!" says Spankiss,—"third time never like the rest!"

And here young Job burst into such a roar of laughter, that the boy's tears, which had been of late uncommonly near his eyes, rolled on to the sea's skin of the drum, and plashed out all manner of ways in little watery stars.

"I've livened him up," said Spankiss, and she spoke as though she had gained a victory. For she was a tender-hearted old female grenadier, though to look at her she appeared as tough as—oh, nothing ever was so tough as Sude looked.

"You shall camp down with me, Drummer Fisher—and here's off to your father. Stop here!"

Up she got, put down her orchestra, and made off, as Sam and Job saluted her.

Now it was even-time, and, as everybody knows, those in garrison were for the greater part housed in native huts, each of which had an opening as a window.

And this is what Spankiss heard and saw at Fisher's window. They must have been talking some time—but the climax will be sufficient to suggest to you what were the feelings of Cucumber—she was not as cool as one.

"Anyhow, then, Fisher, it's true what you say, it is. We are lonely, each without a mate."

They were sitting each at an end of a big box, and their right hands were near each other but not touching.

"Now, Molly, tell me plain out. If we get off our troubles"—here his hand came nearer Maloney's—"will you have me for a second?"

"I'm sure I don't know, I don't," says she, not taking her hand off the box.

"It'll be something to live and look out for," says Fisher.

"Deed it will—would, I mean I do."

"And it's not yourself, Molly, would like to go out of the regiment, is it?" Here his hand came nearer.

"Deed, no."

"Then let's come together, and both keep in the regiment, for the sake of old companionship."

"Deed, then, some day, if we get out of our troubles, I'll marry ye, Fisher, I will."

And here their hands touched.

And I suppose the two old geese would have taken to kissing, like a couple of goslings, had not at that moment Spankiss appeared at the window opening, like a nineteenth century portrait of Nemesis, framed in by a window opening.

"Indeed!" says she. "Pretty goings on, upon my word, in the 3—th." Then she paused, and then she said, "I should like to knock your heads together. Pretty goings on in the 3—th, upon my word!"

And with that expression, I will leave her glaring upon the guilty couple.

CHAPTER CIL

LUCKNOW IN ACTION.

THE officers in August worked quite as hard as the men, which is saying a great deal for them. There was plenty to do; for the enemy was not off the alert.

On August 20 they evaded the vigilance of our sentries, and piled masses of wood against the gates at the Baillie Guard. But it was of no use; the fire was put out before any damage was done. The loss was the water, of which we began to find a scarcity. The enemy probably knew that.

On August 21, 400 pounds of gunpowder sent Johannes's house into pieces; and there was an end of that trouble, which had been great.

The enemy certainly were brave—even their boys proved this assertion. For instance, on August 22, a lad was actually detected coolly picking up the spent bullets just outside our defenses. Of course, he was not killed; Englishmen do not kill boys in battle. The lad was forced by a pointed gun to come in, and he was kept a prisoner.

But the want of food was becoming very serious.

Hard work! Here is a quotation:—

"We had work, night for at least three hundred men; as we had the defenses to repair daily, supplies to remove from 'godowns' which had fallen in from the effect of the enemy's shot, mines to countermine, guns to remove, barricades to erect, corpses to bury, and rations to serve out. But with our weak, harassed, and daily diminishing garrison, we could seldom produce as working parties more than three fatigue parties of eight or ten men each relief; and the Europeans were capable of little exertion, as from want of sleep, hard work day and night, and constant exposure, their bodily strength was greatly diminished."

And yet in the midst of all this misery there was a comic side of the picture. For instance, imagine Lieutenant O'Rackie trying his hand at a stew, and the eyeglass which he took into partnership going into the cookery. Imagine him fishing for it, with a ladle, for the better part of a hour; and conceive of the fun he caused by surmising that it had melted. It never was found—as far as he was concerned.

By the way, talking of the comic side of the picture, the eyeglass episode reminds me that it led to a "bye" word in garrison—"I would if I'd got my eyeglass"—always used when anybody was trying for an excuse. There were not many excuses, however, made in Lucknow during the siege.

And this bit of broad farce came out of an incident sufficiently tragic.

Poor Mrs. Captain Smith—Bunny Smith, as she was called—had lost the last of her nibbling little litter of young ones, and people were generally deploring her condition, when Colonel Mole, already sufficiently written about, committed himself to this remark: "Yah, she'll soon have some more. She's that sort o' woman."

This remark so irritated Mrs. Captain Bury, the lady, it will be remembered, who had a tongue like a sharp knife—could not forget it.

"O'Rackie," says she to the lieutenant of that name, who had pronounced Mole to be a "cad,"—"O'Rackie, was I a man I would challenge him—I would, indeed. Not that it would be any use. He wouldn't fight. How he came in the army I can't imagine. Perhaps it was a clause in his will. But I'd challenge the brute, if only to frighten him. O'Rackie, why don't you challenge him?"

"Well," says O'Rackie, "I would if I had my eye-glass. Couldn't see my man without my eye-glass."

Whereupon Bury burst out laughing, and spread the apology over the garrison in her usual sharp way.

Meanwhile, affairs at Delhi were looking up.

CHAPTER CIL

AT DELHI.

THE wild coming of the messenger with the words upon his lips, "The enemy are at the gate!" was followed in the council chamber by a very panic of fear.

The old, feeble King of Delhi, impotently hating, turned like a rat (he an old simile, but a good one), and cried, "Let these Christians be slain!"

Neither Phil nor Lota could very well tell what followed this order.

There was a rush at them, and they were dragged out of the council chamber, and hurried to a court-yard.

But Phil was not a man to lose his self-possession for long together.

Yet, before he had recovered his surprise, ropes were around his neck and Lota's.

Then he was equal to the situation.

"Stop a bit," said he, "Joath Belan."

"You know me?" said the Indian.

"Yes," replied Phil, turning away from Lota, who, expecting death each moment, was waiting for it on her knees.

"And I know you," said Phil, looking at a second—"Noolah Bont."

"What then?" asked the Indian.

"This," said Phil—(he and Lota were in the court-yard with about half a dozen watchers). "I guessed that if we English were murdered by the king's orders, the king's executioners would do the dirty business. So I got your names, and I've written them out neatly about, say, fifty times. And above the names I

have written, 'If Phil Effingham, doctor in the 3—th, and Lady St. Maur are not found alive when Delhi is taken, they will have been massacred by the order of the king, and at the hands of—then follow your names. Well, each of these bits of paper has been fired as wadding from this pistol over the city wall towards the English—and some of them have been certainly found. So, if we two are not alive when the English come in—they won't be many minutes about it now—why, you will soon follow us. Don't doubt it—there are plenty of rascals in Delhi who will be glad to carry favour by giving you up if you are asked for. Now what do you say?"

"Sabib," said the leader. They had been gazing affrightedly at each other.

"Ha!" says Olive; "that's enough. Hide us. Promise you a thousand rupees apiece to-morrow. Help me off with the rope—thank ye. I'll keep it. Give me your sword. Ha! the rope will do for a belt. Got any coffee? We'll take a cup. Got a light? No? Get one."

And as the Sepoy turned away, Phil ventured to look at his fellow prisoner.

Evidently she was praying, for he heard the words "Arihur" and "son."

I think Phil was moved by the knowledge that he had saved her life.

And during these terrible minutes the English were thundering angrily at the gates, while the frightened city began already to repent.

CHAPTER CIV.

THE FALL OF DELHI.

THE reader has seen three of the portraits of the special heroes of Delhi and the Cashmere Gate. Perhaps he should now read something of those heroes.

It was decided to blow open the Cashmere Gate, and then storm the city.

Who were the volunteers to accomplish this work of death? Who would face the hail of lead and iron which would pour upon those volunteers?

It is in such deeds as the blowing open of the Cashmere Gate, accomplished at the assault upon Delhi, that we find redemption for war.

From that dangerous mission it is but too certain that volunteers will never return. They have entered the domain of death, and every step they take brings them only nearer the termination of their career. But they waver not nor hesitate. The army to which they belong watches their progress with anxious eyes.

At length they reach their destination, but while they seek to accomplish their perilous duty, one after another of their number is shot down; nevertheless, the powder is laid, the train is fired, and the bugle at last sounds for the advance; three times its clear notes are heard above the roar of the cannon and the wild confusion that prevails. Over the dead bodies of these fallen heroes the column rushes forward to the fight, and after a struggle, quick, hot, the city of the Mogul is taken, and rebellion crushed at its source.

Lieutenant-Colonel Baird Smith, in his despatch to the Commander-in-Chief, thus describes the heroic conduct of the gallant band who cleared the way for the victorious advances of the besieging army:—

"The gallantry with which the explosion party, under Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, performed the desperate duty of the blowing in the Cashmere Gate in broad daylight, and in the face of the enemy, will, I feel assured, be held to justify me in making special mention of it. The party was composed, in addition to the two officers named, of the following:—Sergeants John Smith, A.B. Carmichael; Corporal F. Burgess, alias Joshua Burgess Grierson, of the Sappers and Miners; Bugler Hawthorne, her Majesty's Band; fourteen native Sappers and Miners; ten ditto Punjab Sappers and Miners. Covered by the fire of her Majesty's 60th Rifles, this party advanced at the double towards the Cashmere Gate. Lieutenant Home, with Sergeants John Smith and A.B. Carmichael, and Havildar Madhoo, and all of the Sappers, leading and carrying the powder bags, followed by Lieutenant Salkeld, Corporal Burgess, and a section of the remainder of the party. The advanced party reached the gateway unhurt, and found that part of the drawbridge had been destroyed; but passing across the precarious footing supplied by the remaining beams, they proceeded to lodge their powder against the gate. The wicket was open, and through it the enemy kept up a heavy fire upon them. Sergeant Carmichael was killed while laying his powder-bag; Havildar Madhoo being at the same time wounded. The powder being laid, the advanced party slipped down into the ditch, to allow the firing party, under Lieutenant Salkeld, to perform its duty. While endeavouring to fire the charge Lieutenant Salkeld was shot through the leg and arm, and handed over the slow match to Corporal Burgess, who fell mortally wounded just as he had successfully performed his duty. Havildar Situk Singh, of the Sappers and Miners, was wounded, and Ram Heth, sepoy, of the same corps, was killed during this part of the operation."

"The demolition having been most successful, Lieutenant Home, happily unwounded, caused the bugle to sound the regimental call of the 52nd Regiment, as the signal for the advance of the column. Fearing that amid the noise of the assault the sound might not be heard, he had the call repeated three times, when the troops advanced, and carried the gateway with entire success."

"I feel assured that a simple statement of the facts of this devoted and glorious deed will suffice to stamp it as one of the noblest on record in military history. Its perfect success contributed most materially to the brilliant results of the day, and Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, with their gallant subordinates, European and native, will I doubt not receive the reward which valor before the enemy so distinguished as theirs has entitled them to. Lieutenant Home mentions with special approbation the cool courage of Sergeant John Smith, and while sincerely regretting their loss, he states that the gallantry shown by Sergeant Carmichael and Corporal Burgess could not have been surpassed. Bugler Hawthorne's conduct has also been particularly commended. This brave man, after performing his own dangerous duty, humanely attached himself to Lieutenant Salkeld, bound up his wounds under a heavy musketry fire, and ultimately had him removed without further injury; and I beg to commend him most cordially to the favourable notice of the major-general."

The glory of the deed was shared equally by all engaged in it, and we wish that we could present our readers with portraits of the whole of the members of this band of heroes, instead of merely that of the young corporal, and Lieutenant Home.

Joshua Burgess Grierson, or Francis Burgess, as he chose to call himself on entering the military service, was a native of Berwick-on-Tweed, but removed with his father to Edinburgh in 1841, and completed his education under the late Dr. Gann, at the High School there. It was in the month of November, 1854, that he enlisted in the Sappers. After spending a few months in the military school at Chatham, he embarked with a small party for India on July 24, 1856, on board the ship *Albatross*. Undoubtedly he embraced the opportunity which the destruction of the Cashmere Gate presented of speedily attaining distinction. How he distinguished himself all know. Short as was his career, he reached the climax of his profession. For a few months only he had been actively engaged, and yet he was emphatically an old soldier.

The heroes of the Cashmere Gate will live long in the memories of their countrymen; and now the rebellion is crushed, and has become a matter of history, men will linger with pride over the details of the heroic acts which distinguished this unhappy revolt,

and no deed of bravery will appear more illustrious than the demolition of the Cashmere Gate, with which the name of Joshua Grierson is henceforth to be forever associated.

Grierson at the time of his death was only twenty-two years of age, and had scarcely been three years in the service altogether. He was about the middle height, of fair complexion, of a cheerful temper, and was a favourite both with his comrades in the army and his companions at home.

Lieutenant Home entered Delhi, but he only survived that victory a very short time. He was born in India.

By his cheerful and generous disposition, unassuming manners, and high principles, he won the esteem and affection of all who knew him. Always the last to claim even his due share of praise, he allowed the chief credit of the daring exploit at the Cashmere Gate to be given to his junior officer (who was wounded) without a word of complaint or sign of irritation, and it was not until officially called on by Colonel Baird Smith for his own report of the affair that the real facts of the case became known.

Major Hodson was another Delhi hero, who also died in the hour of victory.

It was Hodson who went out after the assault of Delhi, and ascertained that the rebel camp south of the town had been evacuated. We need scarcely remind our readers of his daring feat in taking the two sons of the King of Delhi out of the tomb of Humayoon, and sending them off under escort, whilst he, with seventy men, disarmed the rebels assembled in that edifice; of his sagacity in forcing the princes into the carriage after he discovered that they had been rescued, well knowing that by dealing with them at once, and shooting them in the carriage, he could remove their bodies in the midst of the confusion and tremor caused by his daring act; whereas, had he shot them on the ground, his small band might have been annihilated during the time necessary for removing the bodies from the ground. To Hodson also we owe the capture of the King of Delhi as the Keotah, and many a dashing feat of horse-manship and military daring in the Doab and at Lucknow.

The Cashmere Gate once blown in, Delhi was taken. There was no driving the English back. And a swift soldier that awful rush, Olive St. Maur entered Delhi, outside which place he had arrived from Lucknow on the very day of the assault.

Perhaps he trembled, but it was not from fear. But he thought of his wife.

What if he were confronted with the enemy—what if he came upon her dead and stark? And as the English entered on one side of Delhi, the Nona Sahib must have quitted it, very probably at the point furthest removed from the English.

It would have been merciful to have killed him. He fled, to live with a halter ever hanging over his head—fled, to tremble at every wind, and to depend for life upon the pity of those who might shelter him.

A splendid contrast. On the one hand, the victorious English, who have suffered and are victorious. On the other, a skulking, fleeing murderer, who has no more a home, and who dare not walk in the light of day. (To be continued in our next.)

LEAPING FROM A TRAIN.—On Saturday evening, Joseph Nixon, a lad between twelve and thirteen years of age, the son of Mr. William Nixon, a master carter, residing at Edge-hill, was killed at the Haydon Station of the London and North-Western Railway. It appears the poor boy was sent to pay some club money for his brother, at the Queen's Arms Inn, at Haydon, and that he was afterwards to remain some time at the house of his uncle, Mr. Joseph Watkins, builder, of that village. At Edge-hill he by mistake got into the train which leaves Lime-street at 6.45, and which does not stop at Haydon, instead of the one that leaves at seven o'clock. On reaching Haydon Station he perceived the error he had made, and, though the train was dashing along at full speed, he unfortunately opened the carriage door and jumped out just as the train had passed the platform. He fell upon his head, and was picked up insensible and bleeding profusely. He was taken into one of the waiting-rooms, and Dr. Gorst sent for. That gentleman was immediately in attendance, but medical aid was of no avail, the little fellow's skull being fearfully fractured. He died in less than an hour after the accident, not having spoken or regained consciousness. The body was conveyed to the Queen's Arms Inn, where it awaits a coroner's inquest, and Mr. Watkins then came to Liverpool to bring the melancholy tidings of his nephew's death to his parents. It seems that there were several persons—two of them men—in the same compartment of the carriage with the boy, and most extraordinary to relate, none of them attempted to prevent him committing an act which was almost certain to result in his destruction. —*Liverpool Mercury.*

OUTRAGE IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—On Friday, in Wolverhampton, two men from Liverpool, who said their names were John O'Malley and Richard Hanbury, and were travelling drapers, were each convicted of insulting a respectable married woman, the wife of Mr. George Thompson, a clerk in the service of the Great Western Railway Company in Wolverhampton, and using obscene and blasphemous language in a railway train on that company's line on the previous night. Mr. Spooner, the stipendiary magistrate, in addressing the prisoners, said: "If it was not that I wish to spare the lady whom you have so grossly insulted from having to appear again in court and repeat her tale, your conduct has been so bad that I would send you for trial. As it is, I will give you the highest penalty in my power. You are each fined £5 and costs. In default, you will be imprisoned three months with hard labour." The complainant was travelling in the same carriage with the prisoners, whose conduct was the most gross sort of actual assault. —*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

NEW MUSIC.

MORNING STAR. Morceau de Salon. Composed for the piano by H. BERINGER.

FAIRY CHIMES. Vocal duet. Written by Wm. Hills; music by FRANK ABBE.

THE FANCY FAIR POLKA. Composed for the piano by ADAM WRIGHT.

THE HARDY NORSEMAN. Arranged for the piano by BRINDLEY RICHARDS.

The above are the latest pieces from Messrs. Robert Cooks and Co., New-Barrington-street. The "Morning Star" will be greatly admired, while "Fairy Chimes" must become a great favourite from its exquisite melody. "The Fancy Fair Polka" is brisk, and has a splendid illuminated frontispiece of the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square. Of Mr. Brindley Richards' arrangement of the bold Norwegian air, "The Hardy Norseman," we cannot speak too highly.

THE FUTURE KING OF ENGLAND. Patriotic song. Poetry and music by BENNETT EXLEY, London: B. Williams, Paternoster-row. The poetry of this song is simple, yet telling, and the music a very fair composition. It will doubtless find favour from its allusion to the infant prince.

A MADMAN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

THE excitement caused by the recent railway carriage murder in London does not seem likely to pass over without giving rise to the publication of numerous incidents, illustrating the dangers to which railway travellers are exposed from the want of some means of communication between passengers and guard. An incident of this kind occurred in one of the Edinburgh carriages on the Great Northern Railway on Thursday night; and but for the circumstance that every carriage was, as generally happens at this time of the year, well filled, there is every reason to believe that the incident would have proved more than alarming. In one of the third-class compartments of the express leaving King's-cross Station at 9.15 p.m. a tall and strongly-built man, dressed as a sailor, and having a wild and haggard look, took his seat about three minutes before the train started. He was accompanied to the carriage by a woman, whom he afterwards referred to as his wife, and by a man, apparently a cab-driver, of both of whom he took leave when the train was about to start. It had scarcely done so, when, on putting his hand to his pocket, he called out that he had been robbed of his purse containing seventeen pounds, and at once began to shout and gesticulate in a manner which greatly alarmed his fellow-travellers, four in number, in the same compartment. He continued to roar and swear with increasing violence for some time, and then made an attempt to throw himself out of the window. He threw his arms and part of his body out of the window, and had just succeeded in placing one of his legs out when the other occupants of the carriage, who had been endeavouring to keep him back, succeeded in dragging him from the window. Being foiled in this attempt, he turned round upon those who had been instrumental in keeping him back. After a long and severe struggle, which, notwithstanding the speed the train was running at, was heard in the adjoining compartments, the sailor was overcome by the united exertions of the party, and was held down in a prostrate position by two of their number. Though thus secured, he still continued to struggle and shout vehemently, and it was not till some time afterwards when they managed to bind his hands and strap him to the seat that the passengers in the compartment felt themselves secure. This train, it may be explained, makes the journey from London to Peterborough, a distance little short of eighty miles, without a single stoppage; and as the scene we have been describing began immediately after the train left London, the expectation of having to pass the time usually occupied between the two stations (one hour and fifty minutes) with such a companion must have been far from agreeable. While the struggle was going on, and even for some time afterwards, almost frantic attempts were made to get the train stopped. The attention of those in the adjoining compartment was readily gained by waving handkerchiefs out of the window, and by-and-by a full explanation of the circumstances was communicated through the aperture in which the lamp that lights both compartments is placed. A request to communicate with the guard was made from one carriage to another for a short distance, but it was found impossible to continue it; and as the occupants of the compartments beyond the one nearest the scene of the disturbance could learn nothing as to its nature, a vague feeling of alarm seized them, and all the way along to Peterborough a succession of shouts of "Stop the train!" mixed with the frantic screams of female occupants, was kept up. On the arrival of the train at Peterborough the man was released by his captors and placed on the platform. No sooner was he there, however, than he rushed with a renewed outburst of fury on those who had taken the chief part of restraining his violence; and, as he kept vociferating that they had robbed him of his money, it was some time before the railway officials could be got to interfere; indeed, it seemed likely for some time that he would be allowed to go on in the train. As remonstrances were made from all quarters to the station-master to take the fellow into custody, he at length agreed, after being furnished with the names and addresses of the other occupants of the carriage, to hand him over to the police. The general impression of those who witnessed the sailor's fury seems to be that he was labouring under a very violent attack of delirium tremens, and he had every appearance of having been drinking hard for some days. Had there been only one, or even two occupants of the compartment besides himself, there seems every reason to believe that a much more deadly struggle would have ensued, as he displayed immense strength. —*Scotsman.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE LICENSED VIOUALLERS' ASYLUM.

THE ceremony of inaugurating a statue to the memory of the late Prince Consort, erected by the Licensed Victuallers' Trade Societies, in the grounds of their asylum, near the Old Kent-road, was performed on Tuesday morning, by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the attendance was extremely numerous, the spacious marquee in which the ceremony took place being crowded to excess up to the hour before the time appointed for the arrival of his royal highness. The band of the Grenadier Guards performed a variety of selections at intervals during the morning.

His Royal Highness arrived at ten minutes past twelve, and entered the grounds by the middle gates, and keeping to the left of the pavilion, proceeded to the portico of the chapel, where he was received by a guard of honour of the Hon. Artillery Company.

Addresses were presented to his Royal Highness by the memorial committee and trustees and governors of the asylum.

His Royal Highness made the following gracious reply to the address of the chairman, trustees, and governors:—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,—It affords me the greatest satisfaction to be present, by your wish, at the inauguration of the statue which you have erected to the memory of my lamented father. It is an occasion on which I feel a sincere gratification at thus being called on to assist in paying honour to a beloved parent, as well as a tribute of admiration for the generosity and liberality of the Licensed Victuallers in providing this asylum for the reception and comfort of their less fortunate brethren.

Appreciating your charitable exertions and their object, the Prince Consort took a deep interest in the success and welfare of your asylum, in proof of which he laid the foundation stone of additional wings to the building in 1849 and 1858. It will be a source of great gratification to me to be thought to have inherited his feelings in your behalf. I thank you sincerely for the kind expressions you have given utterance to in allusion to the name of the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and my son.

His Royal Highness was then conducted in procession to the port of the chapel, when he re-entered his carriage, and left the ground.

The memorial statue is of pure Carrara marble, and upwards of eight feet high; the pedestal on which it rests being a solid block of Sicilian marble, the weight of which is ten tons, and its height a little over six feet; the whole standing upon a granite base of a foot and a half in thickness. The memorial itself is consequently little short of sixteen feet in height. His Royal Highness is represented in the costume in which he appeared when laying the foundation stone of the "Albert" wing, and appears in the act of replying to the address which was then presented to him; one hand is resting on a part of a Corinthian column, emblematical of his taste and love of the fine arts; the other holds a scroll. The whole was designed and executed by Thomas Earle, Esq., of Vincent-street, Brompton, at a cost of between 600 and 700 guineas.

THE COURTESIES OF WAR.—In front of General Butler's lines I am told that only one shot has been fired during three weeks. That came from a rebel soldier of mischievous proclivities, who was punished for violating the truce.

His commanding officer exposed him for three hours outside of their breastworks, within fifty-three yards of our lines, compelling him to march to and fro all that time with a heavy stick of wood upon his shoulder as a penance for his indiscretion.

One man magnanimously spared the poor wretch's life.—Letter from Petersburg, in the New York Times.

"THE BLOOD PURIFIER."—Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla. It acts specially on the blood, and hence is the only medicine that has received the name of "The Blood Purifier." It clears the face and the body from all blotches and pimples, purges from the system the latent mercury, and gives new blood and life to the invalid.

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JOZEAU'S COPAHINE MEKE, successfully tried in the Paris and London Hospitals, under the care of Messrs. Gullier, Ricord, Lenoir, and Lenoir (Paris, 1850), effects a cure in an average of six days, either in chronic disease, or in the most acute cases, as in the case of M. JOZEAU, French Chemist, 40, Haymarket, London, and 20, Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

V. GUESDON'S CUBERINE, or Sugar-coated Capsules, comes with efficacy in a few days from chronic disease, is recommended by the most eminent physicians in Europe. It is free from mercury or opium, so injurious to health. 4s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per box; from post 5s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. respectively. French and Pharmaceutical Chemist, 47, Strand-street, London.

BRODIE'S SPEEDY CURE, for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, and all the Disorders of the Urinary System, is a most successful remedy, and is recommended by the most eminent physicians in Europe. It is free from mercury or opium, so injurious to health. 4s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per box; from post 5s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. respectively. French and Pharmaceutical Chemist, 47, Strand-street, London.

BRODIE'S GOLD-COATED PILLS, for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, and all the Disorders of the Urinary System, is a most successful remedy, and is recommended by the most eminent physicians in Europe. It is free from mercury or opium, so injurious to health. 4s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per box; from post 5s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. respectively. French and Pharmaceutical Chemist, 47, Strand-street, London.

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